WEEK ENDING NOV. 1 1924

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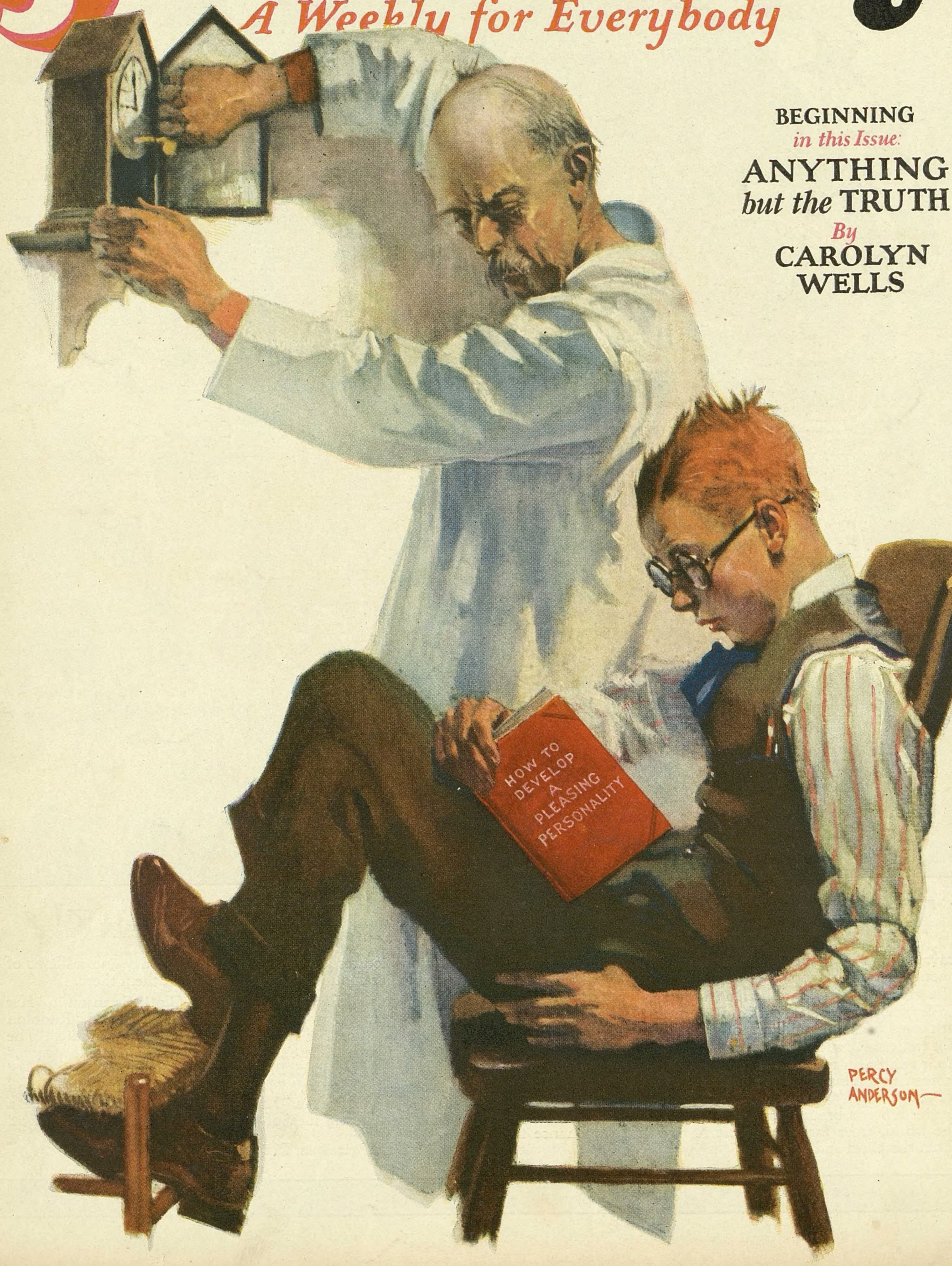
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

BEGINNING
in this Issue:
ANYTHING
but the TRUTH
By
CAROLYN
WELLS



TODAY ROMANCE HAS A TRADE MARK!

IN savage times men shook hands to prove to each other that they concealed no weapon.

The extended open hand became a Mark of Friendship.

Today the Commercial Mark of Friendship is the Trade Mark, a mark often backed by millions of dollars.

The trade mark of Entertainment and Romance is Paramount.

Your admission money has the power to command the very best screen entertainment. You pay for it anyway. Get it. Know before you go.

Leadership has brought to Paramount the greatest talent of all the world, eager for the greatest reward and the chance to thrill ten thousand audiences!

Motion pictures are on the right track today and millions of responsible Paramount fans know what put them there.

See the current Paramount Pictures—Gloria Swanson in "Her Love Story," Zane Grey's "Wanderer of the Wasteland," Rudolph Valentino in "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Sideshow of Life," "The Enemy Sex," James Cruze's Production "The Covered Wagon," "Sinners in Heaven," Cecil B. DeMille's Production "Feet of Clay," "Merton of the Movies," "The Fast Set," Thomas Meighan in James Oliver Curwood's "The Alaskan"—and you will have a new and convincing idea of the punch of real entertainment.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

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A few cents each week - - -

Vigorous, glowing Health again!

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

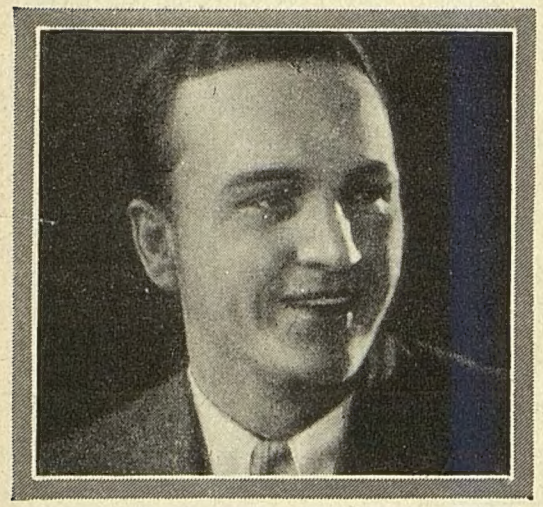
There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

CONSTIPATION, skin and stomach troubles yield naturally and permanently to the powerful action of this simple food. Doctors, nurses, farmers, lawyers, policemen, business girls—people of every age and in every walk of life have found the road to health with Fleischmann's Yeast.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (*just hot enough to drink*)—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

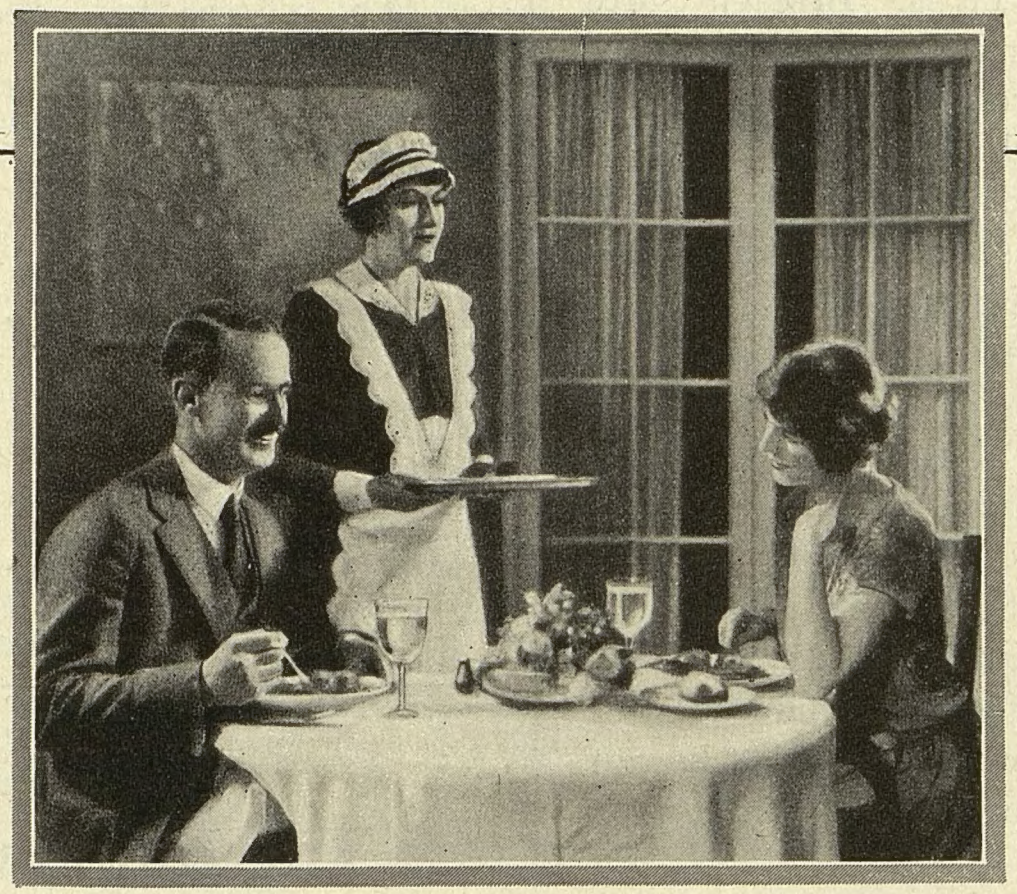
Write us for further information, or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. G-11, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"Until six months ago I was virtually a hermit, only going out to work every day and then spending the evening reading in my room. I was an extreme example of a pimple-faced youth. It seemed nothing could remove these eruptions.

"Then I tried the Fleischmann treatment. In one month my face had indeed cleared up greatly. I continued the treatment for three months, and by that time my face had become as clear as anybody's. I go everywhere now and bless the day I started to use Fleischmann's Yeast."

(*Mr. Bernard Kliman of Philadelphia, Pa.*)

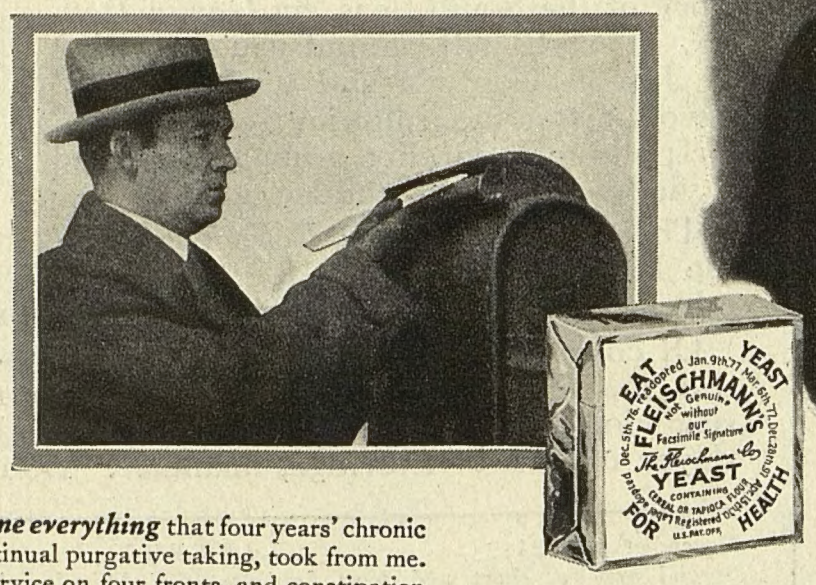


"For years I suffered from habitual constipation. Cathartics gave but temporary relief. I could not enjoy my favorite dishes without fear of flatulence, disturbed sleep, etc. I read of the merits of Fleischmann's Yeast. In despair I took the Yeast haphazardly—later—three times daily. Today I hardly know myself—face all aglow with the pink of health—no constipation annoyances. Again I eat my favorite New England boiled dinner without after-discomfort!"

(*A letter from Mr. G. Henderson Coyle of Detroit, Mich.*)

"I did* not *eat six cakes of Yeast and feel myself improving immediately. In fact for one month I used 3 cakes a day without any visible improvement. But by the middle of August, 1921, *my chronic constipation commenced to give way*—I again consulted our family physician, who told me to use no other remedies but Fleischmann's Yeast. . . . Today my stomach troubles have become ancient history, and my skin eruption a thing of the past—thanks to the remarkable effects of Fleischmann's Yeast."

(*A letter from Miss Ruth Rollband of Utica, N. Y.*)



"Fleischmann's Yeast gave me everything that four years' chronic constipation, with its then continual purgative taking, took from me. As a 'rifleman' I saw active service on four fronts, and constipation undermined my constitution until I became a nervous wreck, invalided from the service; classified neurasthenic, I was awarded a pension with disability 40%. Life was hell. After persuasion I tried Fleischmann's Yeast and now eat well, sleep well and what's better, work well and cheerfully.

"A month ago I wrote the pension authorities asking for a final award. I don't need my pension any longer."

(*A letter from Mr. Charles H. Ward of Halifax, N. S.*)

"From the time I was twelve years old until I was thirty-three, every year I had an attack of boils. No remedy or treatment had any effect. My profession was teaching. Seven years ago my annual attack of boils began. The school physician examined me and told me to buy Fleischmann's Yeast and take it daily for ten days. In those ten days my boils disappeared.

"The doctor told me to repeat this treatment once every three months for a year and that he was sure that I would have no boils. He was right. For the past seven years I have been free from them."

(*A letter from Miss Elsey H. Erwin of Pittsburgh, Pa.*)

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR HEALTH *comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.*

Nov. 1, 1924

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 1 No. 26

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

HOW THE PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT ARE ELECTED.

The voter does not vote directly for President or Vice President. He votes for electors. In each State electors are chosen in such manner as the Legislature of the State directs. Any Legislature may choose electors itself or fix any other method of choosing them, but the method universally fixed is by direct vote of the people. Each State has as many electors as it is entitled to have Senators and Representatives in Congress.

These electors never meet in one assembly. The term Electoral College is not used in the Constitution and is only a convenient reference to all the electors. These electors meet in their several States and vote by ballot for President and Vice President, one of whom at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves. Electors vote by ballot, casting separate ballots for President and Vice President. An elector is not bound by law to vote for the candidate of the party on whose ticket he ran for election, but there is a moral obligation upon him so to do and it has never been violated.

When the electors of a State have balloted, the vote is certified to the Senate of the United States, where it is opened with the votes of the other States in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives. The person who has the greatest number of votes for President is declared President, if the number be a majority of the whole number of electors selected by the States.

But if there is no majority, then the House of Representatives is required to choose a President immediately from the persons having the highest number of electoral votes for President, not exceeding three. In this voting the States vote as a unit, each State having one vote, and a majority of all the States is necessary to a choice. The weakness of this method is that by a combination of the votes of States of small population a candidate may be elected who has received a small minority of the popular vote. Nevada, with the smallest population, 77,000 odd, would have the same weight as New York with over ten millions.

If the House is not able to elect a President before the following March 4, then the Vice President shall act as President.

The person found to have a majority of electoral votes cast for Vice President is declared Vice President. But if no one has a majority, then from the two highest on the list the Senators choose a Vice President from the two highest candidates.

The Constitution does not provide who shall act as President in case there is a deadlock in both the House and the Senate, and should be amended so to do.

IN THIS ISSUE

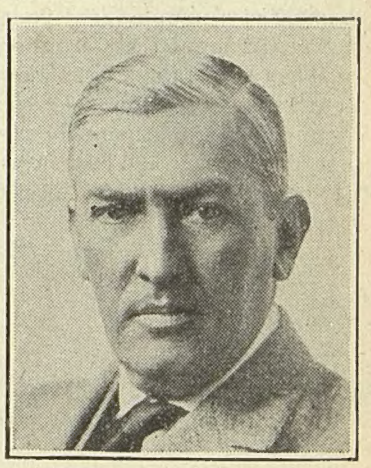
	Page
Anything But the Truth. *The start of a brilliant mystery novel*.....By CAROLYN WELLS	5
Ballot Slackers. *A challenge to nonvoters*.....By COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT	11
It Did Happen. *An exciting short story*.....By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS	14
The World's Rulers Wear Pants. *A humorous discussion*.....By WALLACE IRWIN	21
Bright Sayings of Children	24
What I Think of American Men. *A confession*.....By REBECCA WEST	25
Twenty Years on Broadway. *Seventh installment*.....By GEORGE M. COHAN	27
The Social False Alarm. *A satire*.....By WALTER DAVENPORT	32
Nine Months in the Death House. *Part I*....By WILLIAM M. CREASY	35
Can Any Woman Be Beautiful Today?.....By GERALDINE SARTAIN	38
Circe the Enchantress. *A movie review*.....By ALVA TAYLOR	39
Jolly Roger. *A short story of love's troubles*.....By STEPHEN VINCENT BENET	42
He Did His Best. *A business squib*.....By PAUL L. KINKEAD	48
The Danger Point! *Eighth episode of This Marriage Business*.....By JIM and KATHLEEN	50
Is It a Relief to Swear? *A humorous skit*.....By W. A. D.	54
$500 for Last Lines to Limericks. *Five prize winners*	55
Curing Bad Boys by Making Them Cops. *An article*.....By HUGH FULLERTON	57
The Impostor. *A short story from the French*...By FREDERIC BOUTET	59
Patterns That Can Be Relied Upon.....By PATRICIA	61
Materials Are the Real Change. *Fashions*.....By CORINNE LOWE	62

Cover Design by Percy Anderson

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

The Inimitable George Ade

George Ade, the great American humorist, will lead next week's issue of Liberty with an amusing article entitled _The Village Liar_—and it is illustrated by John T. McCutcheon. It would be wrong to reveal the secret of this article, but it concerns the "real" victims of the World War.



GEORGE ADE

The Fiddling Fool is a highly unusual story of the South Seas, by _Gayne Dexter_. Its style will remind you somewhat of Joseph Conrad—and what a story! Two sinister men plotting for the same girl; a human derelict, a huge knife, and a violin that wails sudden death!

Then there is _Cesar Balbois,_ a short story translated from the French of _Frederic Boutet_ by _William McPherson_. Admirers of _Boutet_ will find a real treat here.

Of course you are reading the great mystery serial, _Anything But the Truth,_ by _Carolyn Wells_. In the next installment suspicion slowly, but surely, coils around one person as the slayer of Austin Eldridge, financier. Don't miss it!

November 1, 1924 LIBERTY Vol. 1, No. 26

Special articles, short and long fiction stories desired. Address Editor, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Five cents a copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address subscriptions, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago. Allow four weeks for change of address. Published weekly by The Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, 431 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President; John N. Wheeler, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1924, by The Coloroto Corporation in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

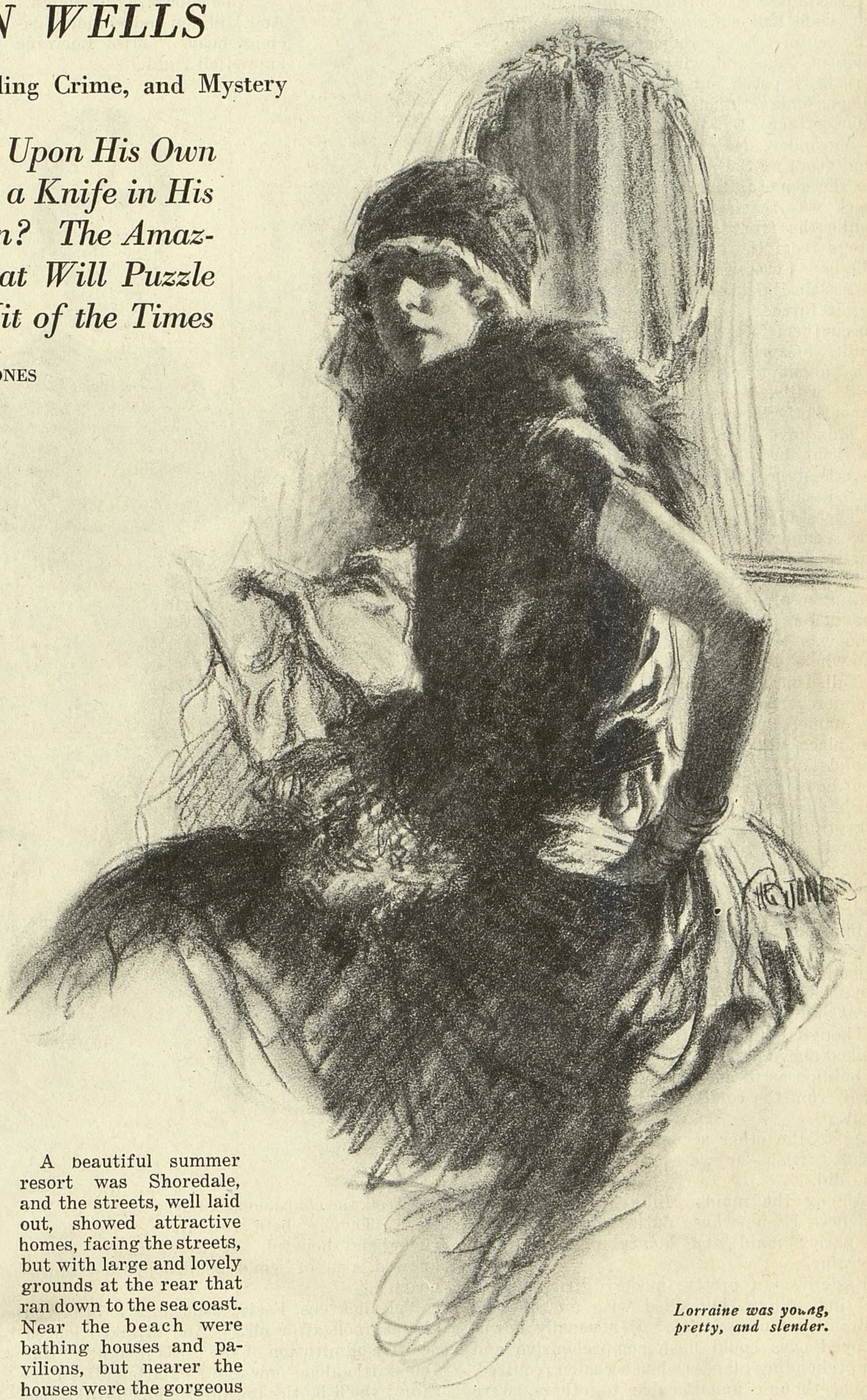
ANYTHING *but the* TRUTH

By CAROLYN WELLS

A New Serial of Love, Astounding Crime, and Mystery

Who Killed Austin Eldridge Upon His Own Front Porch, Left Him with a Knife in His Heart, and Vanished Unseen? The Amazing Story of a Murder That Will Puzzle the Keenest Detective Wit of the Times

Pictures by ROBERT G. JONES



Lorraine was young, pretty, and slender.

WHO'S WHO IN THE FIRST INSTALLMENT

AUSTIN ELDRIDGE, financier, owner of Myrtle Lawn, a fashionable summer home in Shoredale; the "biggest man in town."

LORRAINE ELDRIDGE, his beautiful daughter.

GRANT MAXWELL, son of the wealthiest and most aristocratic widow in Shoredale; handsome, athletic, and a suitor for the hand of Lorraine.

TOM KENNEDY, another suitor of Lorraine; the son of a self-made man.

MILLIKEN, the cook and captain bold of the Eldridge establishment, which she has under her thumb.

PETER THORNE, a detective spending his vacation at the White Unicorn Inn, not far from the Eldridge home.

EDWARD MILES, seventeen years old, also a guest at the hotel, who dreams of becoming a great detective.

MRS. WILLIAM H. MILES, his mother.

CROSBY, a wealthy lawyer associated with Eldridge.

BEN BROWNING, proprietor of the White Unicorn Inn.

Society folk, resorters, villagers, and others.

INSTALLMENT ONE

CHAPTER I

AN ADOPTED DAUGHTER

"GAME and set!" shouted Tom Kennedy, gleefully, as he spun his tennis racket up in the air. "We are the people, Lorraine! Molly and Grant couldn't beat us in a thousand years!"

"Well, anyway, we won this time," said Lorraine. "Now all of you come in to luncheon." She glanced at her watch. "It's about time."

"Can't," said Molly; "have to go to a luncheon and bridge at the club."

"I can," said Tom, "and I will."

"I can," added Grant Maxwell, "and you bet I will."

So, as Molly Kennedy went across the lawn to her home next door, her brother Tom and Grant Maxwell went with Lorraine into her own home for luncheon.

The young people approached the house from the back, where the gardens and tennis courts lay between the house and the sea.

A beautiful summer resort was Shoredale, and the streets, well laid out, showed attractive homes, facing the streets, but with large and lovely grounds at the rear that ran down to the sea coast. Near the beach were bathing houses and pavilions, but nearer the houses were the gorgeous gardens of brilliant flowers which delighted the cottagers. As there were no dividing fences or hedges, the gardens ran together and seemed like one long terrace which sloped down to the sandy beach and the surf.

The homes in this section were called cottages, but were spacious and elaborate enough to deserve a more pretentious description, and, as is inevitable at summer resorts, each bore a more or less flowery name.

"Myrtle Lawn" was the one Austin Eldridge had chosen for his well built and well

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situated house, and, as Lorraine walked up from the tennis court between the two young men, they ascended a slightly inclined path cut through grass filled with creeping myrtle.

THE house was built on simple lines, a wide hall running straight through the center. Large rooms were on either side of this, and wings gave space for breakfast porch, sun parlor, and such indispensable adjuncts to the modern summer cottage.

Verandas stretched across both back and front of the main house, but, owing to the slope of the land, the one at the back was reached by a flight of steps, while the front one was up only three steps from the street level. Moreover, the house was very near the street.

Austin Eldridge had greatly desired to set it farther back, but he was advised to conform to the line of houses already built, so Myrtle Lawn, like its neighbors, was about fifteen feet back from the wide, white, concrete sidewalk that glistened hotly in the summer sunshine.

This gave room for no flower gardens in front, but there was a tiny patch of myrtle-starred grass each side of the paved walk.

The staff of servants at Myrtle Lawn was complete and efficient. This was partly due to the desire of Austin Eldridge to have competent service and his willingness to pay for it and partly to the management of one Mrs. Milliken, who was both cook and captain bold of the whole establishment.

Tall, bony, gaunt, Milliken was a commander born. Generalship was her middle name, and, without ever forgetting her place, without ever overstepping the bounds of deference and decorum, she kept house with energy and zeal.

She had two cardinal rules. One, that everything possible or even impossible must be done that could add one iota to the comfort or well-being of Mr. Eldridge and Miss Lorraine or their guests. Second, that every other human being or animal about the place was not only subservient to herself but absolutely and abjectly under her thumb. And Milliken's long, bony thumb was capable of great and powerful domination.

Though nominally the butler, one Lennox, ranked above her, yet if it came to a difference of opinion as to authority Milliken always retired from the conflict with her shield, never on it.

As to the other servants, they obeyed her lightest wish—or were superseded by those who did.

Among the maids Milliken had one special pet—Essie, whose duties combined those of parlor maid and lady's maid to Miss Lorraine.

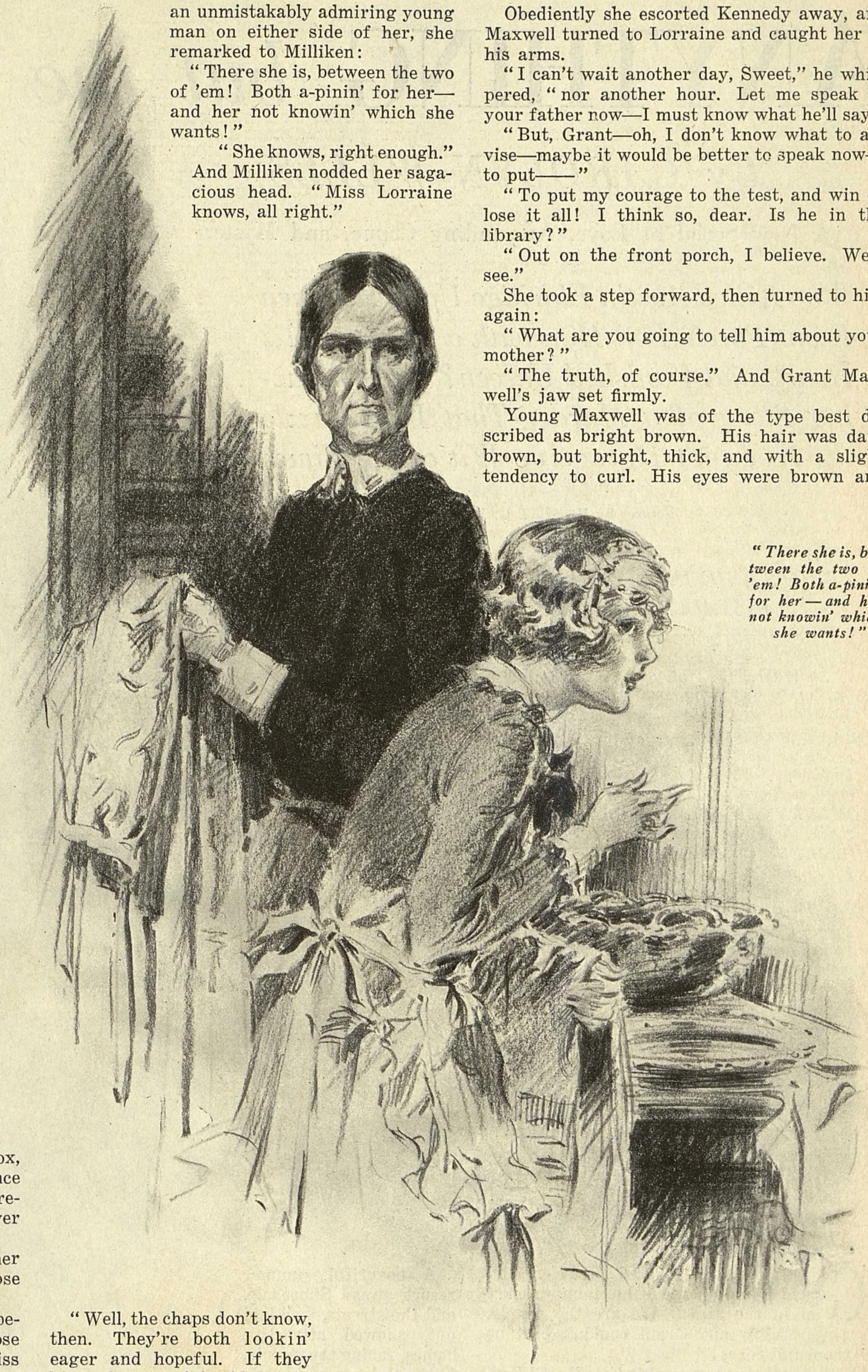
Essie was a pretty, modest girl, faithful and industrious, but filled with an inherent and insatiable curiosity. Her usually down-drooped eyes could flash comprehensive and comprehending glances when occasion required, which, though unnoticeable to others, were illuminating to herself.

Then, later, she could—and did—detail the object of these glances to Milliken, who roundly scolded her for such goings on—and listened avidly.

When Essie saw, from the pantry window, Lorraine walking toward the house with an unmistakably admiring young man on either side of her, she remarked to Milliken:

"There she is, between the two of 'em! Both a-pinin' for her—and her not knowin' which she wants!"

"She knows, right enough." And Milliken nodded her sagacious head. "Miss Lorraine knows, all right."



"There she is, between the two of 'em! Both a-pinin' for her—and her not knowin' which she wants!"

"Well, the chaps don't know, then. They're both lookin' eager and hopeful. If they knowed, one of 'em'd be droopy and downhearted."

"My heavens, Essie, sometimes I think you ain't a fool, after all!" And Milliken looked positive admiration of the girl's insight. "But you skittle along now and look after Miss Lorraine; she'll be tidying up for lunch—likewise the young men, also."

Essie skittled, and was a model of demureness as she presented herself for service.

"Go first and have a wash-up, Tom," said Maxwell; and, though Lorraine did not catch a glance he threw at her, nor did Tom Kennedy see it, it was not lost on the watchful Essie.

Obediently she escorted Kennedy away, and Maxwell turned to Lorraine and caught her in his arms.

"I can't wait another day, Sweet," he whispered, "nor another hour. Let me speak to your father now—I must know what he'll say."

"But, Grant—oh, I don't know what to advise—maybe it would be better to speak now—to put——"

"To put my courage to the test, and win or lose it all! I think so, dear. Is he in the library?"

"Out on the front porch, I believe. We'll see."

She took a step forward, then turned to him again:

"What are you going to tell him about your mother?"

"The truth, of course." And Grant Maxwell's jaw set firmly.

Young Maxwell was of the type best described as bright brown. His hair was dark brown, but bright, thick, and with a slight tendency to curl. His eyes were brown and very bright, sparkling in happiness or merriment, but bright even in serious moments, and especially bright in anger. His complexion was bright—brown and red; his firm, well shaped lips were bright, and his teeth, too. Moreover, his expression was bright, and his intellect and perceptions also. He loved Lorraine Eldridge, and she cared for him, but his declaration of this to Austin Eldridge a week before had brought about a strange condition of things. There had been an astounding revelation and a command to wait a week before considering the matter settled or even referring to it again.

The week was not up yet, but young Max-

well possessed a strong quality of impatience, in addition to his brightness and brownness, and he wanted to know.

Lorraine was young, pretty, and slender, with an unusual charm in her expression of pathetic appeal.

Her soft hair was brown—not bright, like Grant's, but with dusky shadows in its thickness. Her eyes were hazel and so constructed, somehow, that she always seemed looking up at you. Her nature was of the sunniest, her temperament of the happiest, and she was the joy of the house and the light of Austin Eldridge's eyes.

Of course she was a social favorite, of course she had shoals of suitors, but, apparently, her chief favor had been attained by Grant Maxwell and her next door neighbor, Tom Kennedy.

These two were widely different in looks, nature, and social distinction; for, while Maxwell was the son of the wealthiest and most aristocratic widow in Shoredale, Kennedy was the son of a self-made man.

Tom, too, was of a stubby shape, inferior coloring, and dilatory wits. But his heart was in the right place and plenty of it. His executive ability showed a high percentage, and his will was dogged and persevering. Hence his favor with the lovely Lorraine.

And now he docilely trotted off in the wake of Essie, though he well knew his way among the bathrooms. It was not the first time he had washed up after tennis at Myrtle Lawn.

He doused his nondescript colored head into the wash basin and leisurely brushed it into shape again, his thoughts meanwhile in a vague indefinite ecstacy of recollection of Lorraine's casual and fleeting smiles.

Meanwhile Maxwell and Lorraine went in search of Austin Eldridge.

They found him, as she had predicted, in his favorite chair on the front porch.

This big and comfortable chair, drawn to the very verge of the veranda steps, afforded a pleasant outlook up and down the wide and beautiful avenue.

He greeted the young people pleasantly but without any further conversational opening.

Eldridge was fifty years old and looked it. But he did not look any more than that. He was handsome in a grim, hackneyed way. Iron gray hair, whiter at the temples; deep-set dark gray eyes that could deserve the epithet of gimlet, but which softened to benignance when they fell on Lorraine; clean shaven face that showed a pugnacious chin and a straight, thin-lipped mouth.

He sat, relaxed, in his armchair, his hands extended, his legs crossed, but he was not asleep.

"Father," Lorraine began, but her voice faltered and Maxwell spoke out.

"Mr. Eldridge," he said, "I know you asked us to wait a week, but—I can't do it. I suppose you were young yourself once, sir, and you must know how impatient I am."

Austin Eldridge looked at the speaker through his eyeglasses. They were not shell-rimmed, but the older-fashioned gold ones, and were worn on an impressive broad black ribbon that fell across his shirt front.

"Yes"—Maxwell tried to speak genially and casually—"I am impatient, and I'm going to ask you, sir, to give me your answer now. I want to know if you will consent to my future marriage with Lorraine, and if we may announce our engagement at once."

"I will not and you may not."

The words were spoken in a firm monotone, without inflection of any sort. It was merely a positive statement.

"Oh, come now, Mr. Eldridge." Grant was determined not to lose his temper. "You know I told you that I don't care a snipjack that Lorry is not your own daughter but an adopted one."

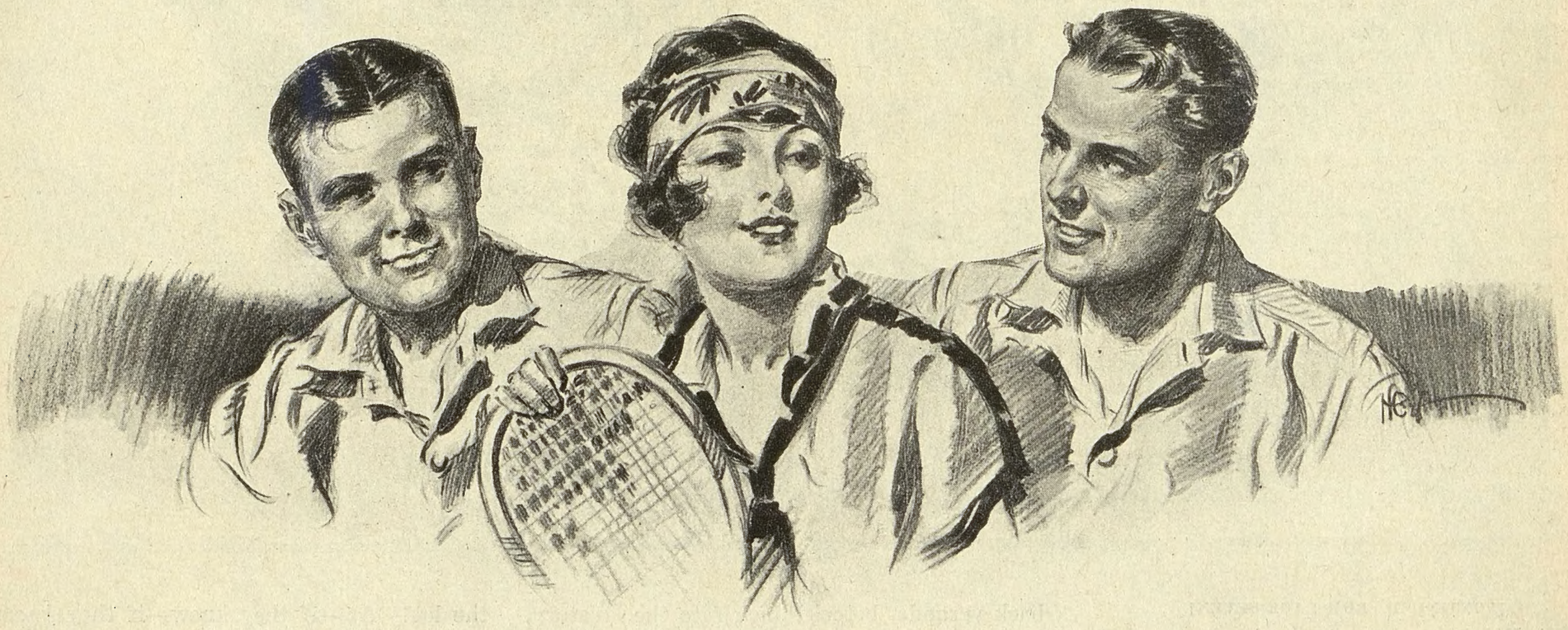
"I know that."

Again the toneless words carried no hint of emotion of any sort.

"Then why wait?" the young man rushed on impetuously. "Why must we wait? If you've any objections to me as a son-in-law—an adopted son-in-law—say so. If not, I think I have a right to an explanation of some sort."

"You have no rights at all that I recognize."

"I claim that I have, and I claim that Lorraine has, too. I claim the right of our mutual love and our plighted troth, and I claim, also, that since you are not her father, really, you have no right to dictate terms to us at all."



ELDRIDGE looked at him without expression. He showed no resentment, no anger, no interest, even. Merely a bored indifference.

Yet both of his suppliants knew he loved Lorraine as a daughter. Knew he had treated her as his daughter. And everybody had supposed she was his child.

Maxwell's request for her hand had brought forth the unwilling acknowledgment that she was adopted, and this only because, Eldridge said, it was impossible to let her marry under false pretenses.

"What does your mother have to say about it?" Eldridge inquired, still in that cold, uninterested tone.

The brightness faded from the face of Grant Maxwell.

"She disapproves of the engagement——"

"Is that all?"

"Well—she is angry. She—she talks about Lorraine being—nameless. It's ridiculous, of course."

"Lorraine is not nameless; she is my legally adopted child, and has as much right to the name of Eldridge as if she had been born to it." He paused, then went on, grimly: "So your mother thinks my adopted daughter not good enough for her precious son." His cold tones cut worse than an actual sneer.

Maxwell blushed, but stood his ground.

"I can't help what she thinks," he said quietly. "I hope, if the engagement is announced, she will change her mind and submit to the inevitable with a good grace."

"That she will do only if Mrs. Vanderholt advises it, and—she will not—mark my words, she will not."

"You are implying, and I cannot deny it, that my mother is influenced by the opinions of Mrs. Vanderholt."

"Influenced! Mrs. Vanderholt is your mother's oracle, her prayer book, her God."

"Perhaps not quite that, sir——"

"Yes, quite that, and more. Do you think I do not know? Do you think there is anything about your people or about Shoredale people that I do not know? Nor do I refer to women's petty gossip. But the big matters that concern the big families here, the big affairs of the big people, the big secrets, even—yes, all these I know—I *know*. There are those who would willingly see me dead, there are those who would kill me if they dared, because of these things that I know. And you, you young upstart, try to brave me! Why, with one word, I could crush you and your mother, too. With one word I could crush your omnipotent Mrs. Vanderholt——"

"With one word, sir, you could make two young people very happy——"

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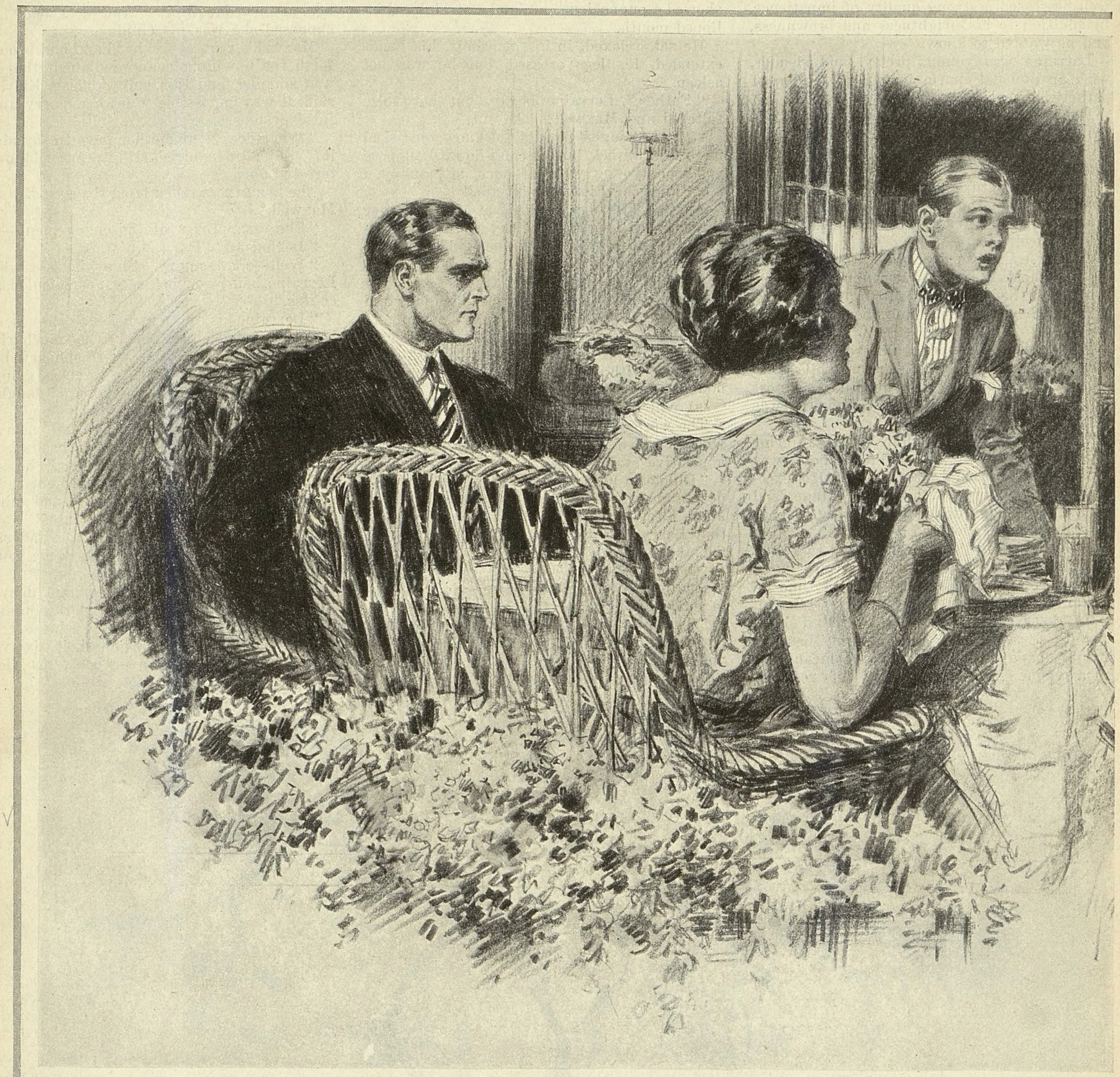

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But Eldridge was not to be softened by any plea.

"With one word, sir, I can tell you to get out of here, and don't come back until I send for you. Go!"

Eldridge had not risen from his chair, had not changed his position, had not even elevated his voice, but his dismissal was as contemptuous, as humiliating, as if he had kicked Maxwell out.

Nor was Grant inclined to accept this without resistance. But Lorraine, alarmed for her lover, urged him to go into the house, for the moment, at least.

"I'll talk to Dad," she said, "and after luncheon we'll discuss matters more rationally."

Yielding, Maxwell went slowly in at the front door and, seeing Tom Kennedy on the back veranda, betook himself to the lavatory, glad of a dash of cold water on his heated brow.

"You are making life very hard for me, Daddy," Lorraine said, as she stood looking down on the imperturbable face and figure of the man whom she had loved for years as her father; but now, knowing the truth, had begun to distrust and dislike.

"Sorry, dear, but you made me own up you were not my own child—now, if you keep on, you'll force me to tell a greater and graver secret—one of more importance to you and that precious cub you've honored with your choice."

"Don't speak of him like that, Dad." And Lorraine's eyes filled with tears.

"I will. I'll call him any names I choose. He's a snob and his mother's a bigger one, and the Vanderholt woman is the biggest of the lot! Ah—if they knew—if they *knew!*"

"Knew what, Daddy?"

"Knew that you—bend down, Lorraine—listen—that you——"

She bent her ear and listened. She heard. She moved back a few steps and threw herself down in a hammock that was slung across the veranda a few yards from Eldridge's chair.

Austin Eldridge closed his eyes—the day was very warm.

. . . . . .

"Lunch is ready," Milliken said. "Go up, Essie, and sound the gong."

And two minutes later the sweet toned gong in the hall sounded through the house.

Essie glanced out at the front door, saw the back of Austin Eldridge's head, and went her way to the dining room.

Lorraine rose from her hammock and

"Austin Eldridge is dead," he said. "Murdered."

said, "Come, Father, luncheon is ready."

But the man she summoned did not rise, and the reason was because he was quite dead, with a knife in his heart, the handle protruding from the spot where the broad, black ribbon of his eyeglasses crossed his shirt front.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE WHITE UNICORN.

"FOUR CORNERS," the business center of Shoredale, though not much larger than a village, boasted a church, a bank, a public library, and an inn. The inn was large and ornate and rejoiced in the name of the White Unicorn.

At midday the veranda chairs were always all occupied, as the guests congregated to await the arrival of the mail and to have a dish of gossip.

Not only the people staying at the inn were there but many cottagers came in for the one o'clock dinner, and business men of the town and transients, passing through, gathered for the meal.

Old ladies rocked back and forth and knitted sweaters placidly or took occasional stitches in woolwork chair seats. Young people perched on the porch railing and recounted their morning's fun or planned for the afternoon.

One knickerbockered cub of seventeen, who had been immersed in a recent and popular work of detective fiction, finished the book and flung it down with a disgusted grunt.

"Detectives are born, not made," the boy said, turning his earnest eyes toward his mother, but speaking equally to a man who sat on the rail, idly listening. "Whoever wrote that book doesn't know his business."

"Oh, yes, he does," replied the man on the rail, speaking with the easy informality that obtained among the White Unicorn's guests. "He's about the best detective story writer we have today. And detectives are made—I know, because I made myself one."

"Oh, are you a detective? Really? Who are you?"

The lad spoke impulsively and without intentional rudeness, and even as his mother murmured her mild rebukes the man on the rail smiled and answered kindly.

"Oh, I'm not world famous — I'm Peter Thorne, at your service"—he gave a smiling bow toward the lady—"and I made a detective out of myself because I wanted to be one."

"Tell me about it, won't you?" And the boy slid from his chair and stood by the rail. "I'm Ed Miles, and this is my mother, Mrs. William H. Miles. We're from New

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York, and we're spending the summer here."

He made his introductions with a well bred carelessness, quite free from self-consciousness, and Peter Thorne took a liking to him at once.

"I'm from New York, too, but I've been here only a few days. We'll talk over detective work together some time, if you like, but just now I think we'll follow the crowd."

"I want to hear about it now," begged young Miles, with his fetching grin. "Mother, won't you ask Mr. Thorne to sit at our table today—Dad isn't here for dinner—and then I can talk to him."

As the indulgent mother rarely refused her young hopeful anything, she extended a pleasant invitation to Thorne, and he accepted.

PETER THORNE was possessed of the dark and inscrutable face that is the prerogative of the detective.

His eyes were of dark, melancholy blue, and so deeply set that they seemed to peer out from under thick, black eyebrows as birds from under thatched eaves.

His complexion was dark, but clear, and red showed in his cheeks. Slightly above average height, he was slender, lithe, and of a graceful carriage. But his most attractive trait was a whimsical smile that would flash into sight, light up his whole face, and as suddenly disappear.

His lean jaws and sinewy hands and wrists gave the effect of physical strength, and the firm set of his chin betokened will power.

"I think I have a right to an explanation of some sort."
"You have no rights at all that I recognize," said Eldridge.

At length, with a kindly willingness to be entertaining, he told something about himself.

"I was about fourteen," he said, "when I read my first detective story. From that I went on to read all the stories of that sort I could lay my hands on, and, though I was still in high school, I resolved to shape my education, to bend my whole career to becoming a detective, and a first class detective. That's why I say I am a made detective, not a born one."

"And now you're a real sleuth!"

"I'm getting there. I attend or read the reports of all the criminal cases I can find, and I have done more or less in the way of actual work. It will be a few years longer before I can hope to become well known, let alone famous, but that is my end and aim. Of course, if I should get hold of a big case and make a big success, that would help enormously. But if not, I shall keep on studying and working for success in the future."

They were having their coffee now, and a man from the next table arose and came toward them and, with an ingratiating nod at Mrs. Miles, dropped easily into the fourth and vacant chair.

"I'm Crosby," he said, as the lady smiled graciously, "and I couldn't help hearing your talk over here. May I have coffee with you?"

"Mr. Crosby is an old friend of my husband's," Mrs. Miles introduced him, "and Mr. Thorne is a new friend of Edward's and, I hope, of us all. I want you to meet Mr. Miles, who will be back this afternoon."

"Thank you," Thorne murmured and made some suitable greetings to Crosby. "I feel that at last I am to be taken into the fold here at the inn. It has been lonesome so far."

"Sure," said Crosby, genially. "I'll see to that. Golf, tennis, people, dancing, cards, politics—any way your fancy runs, I'll engage to please it."

"Quite a big order, Mr. Crosby," Thorne acknowledged. "I hope I can make good."

"You didn't want any professional practice this summer?" And Crosby gave him a quick glance. Peter Thorne laughed.

"Not for a few weeks. I'm resting. By which I don't mean that I'm tired or stale, but I think everybody is better for a few weeks' relaxation and recreation."

"Assuredly," and Crosby nodded his handsome head. He was a great corporation lawyer, and lived with his sister in one of the most beautiful homes in Shoredale. Like many of the cottagers, he spent more of his year in Shoredale than in the city, and, therefore, had offices and did business in both places. He usually took his midday meal at the inn.

RETURNING to the veranda, Crosby proved himself efficient in the matter of securing a desirable location and a sufficient number of huge rockers to make their little party comfortable, and offered Thorne his cigar case.

But as they sat down they noticed a group of men conversing excitedly, and Ben Browning, the proprietor of the inn, came at once to Crosby.

His round, red face was full of wonder and his small, blue eyes were blinking with horror as he drew near. He endeavored to whisper to the lawyer, but his voice was so tense and strained that all heard him.

"Austin Eldridge is dead," he said. "Murdered!"

Who was the mysterious murderer who, in broad daylight, drove a knife straight through Austin Eldridge's heart? How could anyone have approached Eldridge, as he sat on the porch, without being seen? What was the killer's motive? These are questions which threw the Eldridge household into a tumult and started tongues wagging all over the village of Shoredale. And slowly a horrible suspicion began to fasten itself upon a member of the household. You'll get the first inkling of this suspicion in the second installment, appearing in next week's issue.

Ballot Slackers

By
COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Former Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Republican Nominee for Governor of New York

The peace-time slackers.

Colonel Roosevelt driving home a point in his address at the County Fair at Rhinecliff, New York,
International Photo

WHEREIN "Young Teddy" Tells with Rooseveltian Vigor Why Nonvoters Are a Growing Menace to the Country

Pictures by OSCAR CESARE

DURING the war our people rose against the men and women of this country who refused to take their part actively. We dubbed them slackers, and we rightly disliked and despised them. We were keyed up to a high pitch of patriotism.

Now that peace and prosperity have settled on the land, now that the crisis has passed, there has swept over the country a wave of slack indifference. Many men and women, lapped in creature comforts, have sunk back into a state of lethargy in so far as public duty is concerned. They seem to feel that nothing is due from them at this time to their country. Many have largely ceased to participate in public affairs at all. Such men and women are peace-time slackers just as surely as those who refused to do their part during the war were war-time slackers.

This country is a republic. That means that every man and woman in it has a potentially equal partnership in its affairs. With the privileges of citizenship go the obligations of citizenship. Every right thinking man or woman must recognize this. There is but one way a republic can succeed, and that is by an intelligent, informed electorate which recognizes its obligations and exercises its privilege of the franchise.

This obligation of citizenship is so self-evident it would seem almost idle to dwell on it. Unfortunately, we in this country have been woefully lacking in this respect in the last few years, and we are getting worse instead of better. An appalling number of people do not vote at elections, and an even greater number take no part at all in their party organization and management.

Often I have heard men and women say, "We don't like either the Republican candidate or the Democratic candidate," or "Both parties are rotten." Fully one-half of the time, if you ask these people whom they voted for in the primary or in the election, they will be forced to say that they were busy at their own

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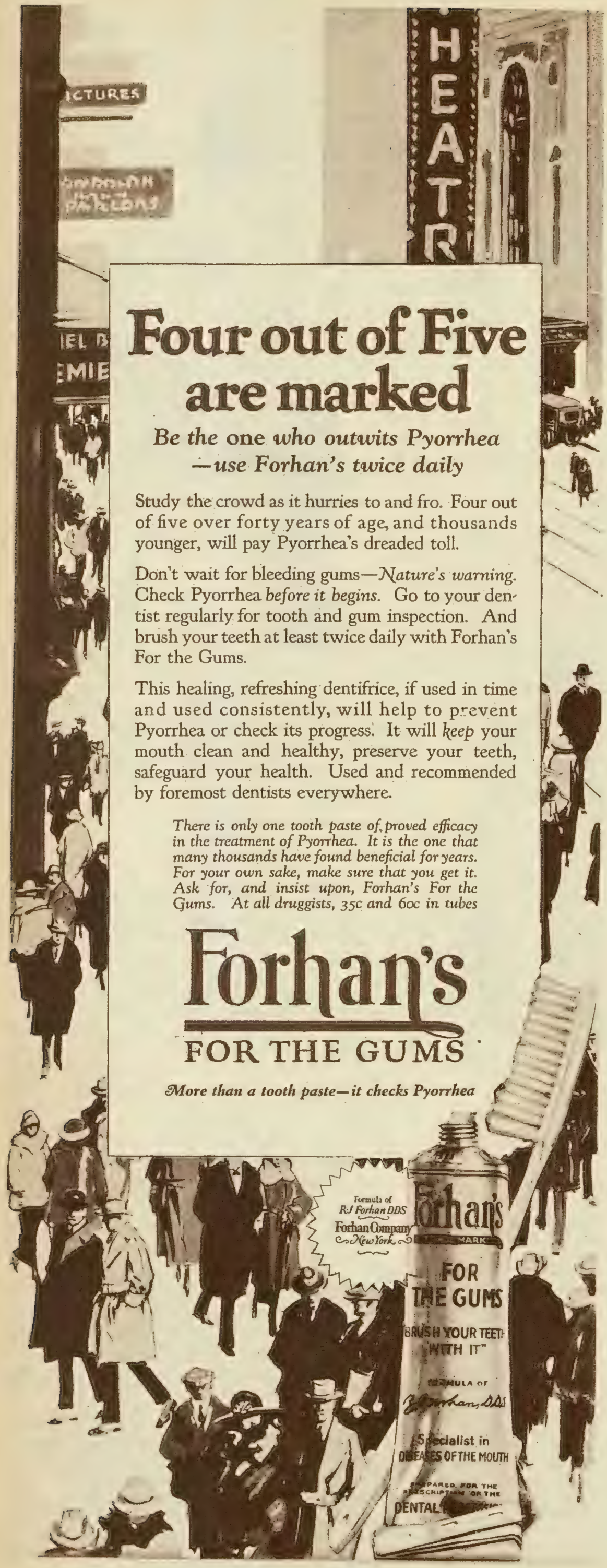

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affairs, went fishing, or something of the kind, and did not vote.

They have no case in court. The blame for conditions, if bad, rests on their shoulders. *They have failed in their duty of citizenship.*

We are far too apt to work simply with our mouths, take the easy way, content ourselves with railing at improper conditions, and do nothing to change them. Talk is cheap. I suppose that is why we have so much of it. But talk amounts to nothing unless backed up by action. One ounce of righteous action is worth ten tons of righteous talk.

I KNOW of nothing that is more contemptible than the smug complacency of the slacker-critic who sits in his comfortable chair, replete with food, self-righteously snarling at things as they are and doing nothing to help change them. He makes the task of those who are working for the country doubly difficult.

As usual, they are not a new type; they are old as the hills. You find them in the Bible: "For they say and do not. For they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers." These "negative patriots" come mighty close to being in the parasite class.

In 1920 we had our last Presidential campaign. Regardless of what our individual views may be, that was an election which, to a great extent, shaped the future of the country. For example, if the Democratic party had been successful we would have been members of the League of Nations. There could scarcely have been a more momentous issue placed before the people. One would naturally suppose that under these circumstances all citizens who really loved their country would have made it their business to get to the polls and express their beliefs. Does the record show that they did? It most emphatically does not! For every hundred votes cast in the country there were ninety-four men and women who could have voted but did not. In other words, out of every two qualified voters, one was so lazy and indifferent that he or she did not trouble to get to the polls.

The roll, as far as a few of the States go, stands: In Maine, for every hundred that voted one hundred and thirteen did not; in Vermont, for every hundred that voted one hundred and twenty did not; in Pennsylvania it rises to one hundred and thirty-three, in California to one hundred and eleven. So the tale runs, with Kentucky, Delaware, and Indiana among the few bright spots.

I am proud of my own State of New York. What did we do? For every hundred votes cast there were seventy-seven citizens in New York State who shirked their public duty and did not vote. This record is bad, but not as bad as that of our Congressional election some two years ago. In that election for United States Senator only half of those entitled to vote in our State voted.

I have heard many people abuse Congressmen and Senators, particularly certain of the Senators from the Northwest. It will interest you to know by what vote these Senators were elected. Senator Dill of Washington received the votes of but approximately seventeen per cent of the electorate of that State. Senator Wheeler of Montana received the vote of approximately thirty per cent of the electorate of Montana. *In other words, they were elected not by the people who voted for them but by those who failed to vote against them.* To put it another way, in practically every State in the Union the voter who stayed away from the polls could have switched the election either way. In the Presidential election in 1920 approximately twenty-five millions who should have voted did not.

Of course, among those that I have cited above there were some who could not get to the polls. Sickness, necessary absence from their home, plus an improper absentee voters' law, or no law, or something of a kindred nature, prevented them. These people naturally are blameless. Circumstances forced their lack of action. They are, however, such a small numerical proportion of the whole that they need not be considered in working out the percentages.

I have said above that matters have been going from bad to worse. I base my statement on these facts: In the Presidential year 1896 eighty per cent of the voters cast their ballots; in 1900, seventy-three per cent; in 1908, sixty-six per cent; in 1912, sixty-two per cent; while in 1920 it had dropped to only approximately fifty per cent.

IN a republic there should be but one governing class, and that is the whole people. This, however, is not the case now in our republic. There is a governing class and there is a governed class. In New York State, for example, those hundred who voted are the governing class and the seventy-seven who did not vote are the governed.

Even if their sense of duty does not make them vote, I should think their sense of pride would. I should think they would hate to take themselves, by their own act, out of the governing class and put themselves into the governed class. I have heard men grumbling about government by minorities and blocs who, to my knowledge, took no more part in our government

than the geese in the barnyard. Their complaints are about as effectual and worthy of attention as the cackling of those geese.

This indifference on the part of the people not only breeds bad government but, in addition, and as the logical corollary, makes it exceedingly difficult for those who strive to do what is right in public life. The forces which work against many of the sound reforms and ideals of government are well organized. The forces which work for them often are not organized at all. In many instances this force represents nothing but the fair-minded attitude of the average American citizen. *Many a distinguished, high-principled public man has crashed down to defeat because the voters for whom he was working, and on whom he depended for support, did not take the trouble to go to the polls.*

Not only is it vitally necessary for all those who have the privilege of the franchise to vote but, in addition, they should endeavor to inform themselves on the questions of the day.

The success of the country depends, as I have said above, on an intelligent electorate. By intelligent electorate I mean not simply those who have brains but those who have used their brains to fathom the public questions of their country. It makes but little difference how intelligent men or women are if they have not taken the trouble to understand what the great issues are that are up before them for determination.

This, perhaps, was difficult in the times of our ancestors, when there were no railroads, no telephones, no radio, no magazines, and but few daily newspapers, with a very limited circulation. Then those in the back country had to depend on the chance traveler for information and could well be excused for lack of knowledge on public questions. However, all has changed. Newspapers cover the entire country; people travel as never before, and the radio has within the last couple of years opened up a new vista of information.

There is little, if any, excuse for lack of information on major issues now. Every man or woman, no matter how poor he or she may be, can be informed on the big governmental policies. If they are not, it is generally owing to sheer laziness.

MUCH of my argument so far has been directed in terms that might be taken to apply to men only. This I do not intend. The women are equally at fault with the men. In some cases they are more to blame. Regardless of whether you were for or against woman suffrage, it is an accomplished fact now, and every woman should vote.

Take a little homely illustration: Do you consider anyone a good wife and mother who in her own household refuses to express her opinion as to what is or is not good for the home? You most emphatically do not! The country is, in a larger degree, our home. We are all members of a great family made up of the citizens of the United States. *If we do not act toward our larger family, the country, as we act toward our immediate family, the home, we are betraying both.*

In the final analysis, in most that we do we are not thinking simply in terms of ourselves; we are thinking in terms of our children. Men are working on their farms, in the factory, in the office, to provide for their children, to give them proper food, to give them proper education, to give them a fair show in life.

Important as food, education, and kindred things are for our children, they are no more important than the country we will leave to them. Their future happiness and their children's future happiness depend upon what kind of a country this United States of ours is going to be. *Our responsibility is not only to our children but to the children of the entire country.*

The little boy or girl on the street who does not get proper care because there are not proper schools directly hurts the future of our own children, for they will be partners in this government when both are grown, and unless all the children get proper schooling they won't make proper partners for our children. In the interest of our children, all that affects the country is our concern. Anyone who will not exercise the right that he has to help his country is being untrue to his children.

THERE are countless ways that the country can be helped if the people will take a greater interest in its affairs. For example, there is a great tendency among some of the politicians to trim. A vexatious question comes up and they try to straddle it. They try to "run with the hare and hunt with the hounds."

Time and again I have known instances where legislation was kept from the floor of legislative halls because a majority of the members did not wish to vote either yea or nay. They didn't want to take a position in the matter. You will find in public speeches and in party platforms that often words are used to conceal thoughts, not to make them clear.

There is but one cure for this—an intelligent, active electorate which will force clear-cut pronouncements from the party or the individuals as to where they stand and what they advocate.

Just the other day I read a resolution adopted by a group of influential people, to the effect that they "deprecated excessive military or naval preparedness." Now, what does that mean? Absolutely nothing! The word "excessive" means unnecessary. There is not a person here who does not deprecate excessive preparation, or, for that matter, excess in any connection. Outdoor recreation is a splendid thing for all, but we deprecate excessive outdoor recreation.

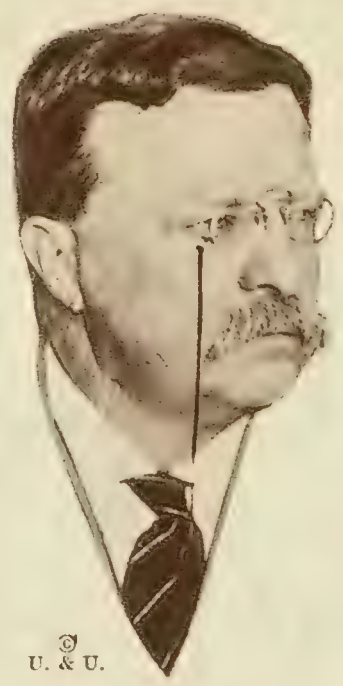
Time and again I have seen in platforms statements that were worded purposely in such vague terms as to make both those who were for a measure and those who were against it believe that their views were represented. Call a halt on this! Make all stop camouflaging! Make all stand up and be counted! There is one way you can do this and one only—take part in your party organizations and vote on election day.

It has often been said that our country is a great experiment. To a certain extent this is so. The success or failure of this great experiment is of primary importance to us, but it is not of primary importance to us alone. It is of primary importance to the world, and the advancement of mankind in general.

The falling off in interest of our electorate; the failure to vote of nearly half of our people, is an ominous sign. Already there are those who, pointing to it, declare that they foresee the fall of the republic and our country.

Now is the time for us citizens to gird our loins and meet this threatening danger. In war-time we all but eliminated the war-time slacker. In peace-time let us take the same stand and eliminate the peace-time slacker.

THE END



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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT had an implacable dislike for the indifferent citizen. Throughout his long career Colonel Roosevelt dwelt strongly upon the imperative duty of the citizen to exercise his right to vote and take an active part in the government—city, state, or national. Following are excerpts from some of his addresses:

"If you won't work and work hard; if you won't work at the polls, won't work in trying to get out the vote, if you won't do your share of the actual business in politics, you cannot expect to win in the long run against those who do."

"The prime thing that every man who takes an active interest in politics should remember is that he must act, and not merely criticize the actions of others."

"The first duty of an American is that he shall work in politics; his second duty is that he shall do that work in a practical manner."

"When you exercise your privilege at the ballot box, you are not only exercising a right, but you are fulfilling a duty."

"Above all, every young man should realize that it is a disgrace to him not to take active part in some way in the work of governing the city. Whoever fails to do this fails notably in his duty to the commonwealth."

We dubbed them slackers.

It DID Happen

A Short Story

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Pictures by EDWARD L. CHASE

BARTIE Just Had to Have an Auto, So She Stole Richard Penn's with Mr. Penn Inside; and He Just Had to Have a Wife Within a Certain Time, So He—And Now Go On with the Story!

[*Samuel Hopkins Adams is a distinguished American short story writer and novelist. Some of his more famous works are The Mystery, written in collaboration with Stewart Edward White; The Flying Death, The Clarion, and Success. He is 53 years old, married, and makes his home in Auburn, New York.*]

I.

"PROVIDENTIAL!" said Miss Dennison, gazing with gratified approval at the empty roadster. It was the longest word she had used for twenty pulsating minutes, and quite the most respectable. Overhead the last breeze of the departing shower rumpled the bright greenery of the woodland. A bobolink, doing stunts of equilibrium on a mullein stalk, conceived the opinion that she fitted in beautifully with the springtide gayety and sweetness of the forest road, and set it to music. The bobolink was right.

"That's all very well," said Miss Dennison, "but I wish you'd whistle up the owner of this car."

The soloist obliged, but nothing happened. "If it was your car, you'd lend it to me, wouldn't you?" said the girl.

The bird gallantly intimated that it would.

"I think I'll take it anyway," said she. "'Parkinson,'" she read the name of the maker. "That's all right; but what a queer body. It's long enough and fat enough to sleep in. Maybe it's a bootlegger's. What do I care, if it will only go!"

Her own vehicle was half a mile back over a muddy byway which she had optimistically mistaken for a short cut. And it might have been had she not, while driving at rather more than discreet speed, differed with a polecat of high polarity and exceeding cattiness over the right of way. Together they took the ditch, where she left her car with wrath rather than regret, proceeding on foot toward what she hoped would be the state road, and a lift.

Already she was behind time for a highly important engagement, as was usually the case with Miss Dennison's engagements; there were always so many things to do and so many people, mostly men, who wanted her to do them.

"Anyway," said Miss Dennison, justifying herself before high heaven as she stepped into the abandoned Parkinson, "I can't walk much farther in these clothes."

She seated herself and did the usual things with buttons and levers. At once she became painfully aware that she had started something, but not the car. From its interior there emerged the most appalling combination of bellow, yowl, and squawk that had ever afflicted her ears. The bobolink left for Canada without saying good-by. Miss Dennison hastily shut everything off except the siren. That continued to voice its wrongs, crescendo. At the rear of the roadster a cover rose cautiously, and an amazed expression protruded from the aperture. The amazed expression vanished, replaced by a broad grin. The broad grin sank, and the cover closed over it. The car continued to yell.

A small, active runabout came bouncing up the road and disgorged a state policeman, who regarded the Parkinson and its occupant with surprise and suspicion.

"Can't you stop the darn thing?" yelled the girl, crimson in the face.

"I dunno," bellowed the officer, and tried. The car howled louder than ever.

"What makes it act that way?" whooped the girl.

"It's a thief call," shouted the cop. "New patent. What are you doin' in the car?"

"I borrowed it from a friend," screamed the girl.

"What's the name?" clamored the cop.

"Ethelberta Dennis."

"Friend's name?"

"Jones," yelled Miss Dennison brightly.

"Tell it to the lieutenant," thundered the cop.

The whole wide earth rang with his command, for on a sudden the soul destroying clamor had stopped, leaving a silence almost as enervating as the riot. A still, small voice from beneath them declaimed gently:

"'And silence, like a poultice, came to heal the blows of sound.'"

"Whazzat!" said the cop.

"Who are you?" demanded the girl.

"Your conscience," answered the voice.

"Come outa there," ordered the officer, gaining the roadway. "No! you sit right still, Miss," to the girl, who would have followed.

The back cover rose, completely shutting off the view of the internal occupant from the disgusted Miss Dennison's wide-craning eyes. But she could see in the mirror the policeman's expression change from severe to judicial, then to amazed, and hear him say, "Of course, it's all right, sir. Thank you."

To her relief and consternation the policeman then got in his car and drove away, leaving her alone with the inner voice. Miss Dennison sat and waited; this got her absolutely nothing, and time was flying. Between wrath and uncertainty she finally made her appeal.

"Aren't you going to help me?"

"You seem to be pretty good at helping yourself."

"Oh," said the girl. "Don't be *mean*."

"All right. What do you want me to help you do?"

"Go somewhere."

"Reach around behind you, and push the

small lever up. Then start the car. It'll go somewhere."

"But this is quite a private somewhere. I don't want it yelling its way there."

"It won't. Where is your somewhere?"

"Malverton Inn."

"Gee!" said the voice.

"What's the matter? Isn't it all right?"

"Depends on what you're going there for."

"To meet a man."

"Then it's perfectly all right," chuckled the voice.

"What do you mean by that?"

"What do I go along as, a chaperon?"

"Do you think I'll need one?"

"Don't you believe the species has ever been seen at Malverton Inn?"

"Then I might need one all the more."

"Start the machinery," decided the unseen passenger.

"Will you guarantee that it won't set up that fiendish noise again?"

"Sure, if you pull the reverse lever as I told you. I invented it."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said she warmly.

"I don't see why. It's a very valuable invention. Every few days I take it out and set it and catch me a thief."

"I'm not a thief."

"What are you?"

"I'm a—a temporary borrower."

"Hasn't even the merit of originality. The last but two put in that claim. He is now on his way to Sing Sing."

"Are you going to send me to Sing Sing?"

"No. I'm going to leave you at Malverton Inn. I thought you said you were late."

"So I am. But the charm of your conversation is such——" She started the engine, then shut it off again. "Come on out and ride with me," she said invitingly.

"Declined with thanks."

"Afraid of disillusionment?"

"'Bang! On the head,' said the nail with an expiring groan."

"Oh, I'm not so painful to look at as all that," retorted the girl with the easy unconcern of perfect assurance.

"Your voice," he said, "would deliver me, bound, gagged, and trussed up in a long-tailed coat with a gardenia, before any magistrate, justice of the peace, mayor or clergyman, in this or any other county. Sign on the dotted line."

"Is this a proposal of marriage?"

"I'll tell you when we come to know each other more intimately."

"Oh! We're going to know each other more intimately, are we?"

"Such is my humble hope."

"Then come out at once. You can't know a man intimately when you've never seen his face."

"You wouldn't like mine."

"I've got great power of endurance."

"When I said I was afraid of disillusionment, I meant your disillusionment. So far, you're finding me a fascinating and absorbing character——"

"Oh, *am* I!"

"If not, why haven't you started to meet your date?"

MISS DENNISON bit her lips and kicked the self-starter with equal violence. The car leaped like a terrier at a chipmunk, taking the bumps in a series of hurdles calculated to make things uncomfortable for the between-decks passenger. When the voice spoke again it came from so close beneath the driver's seat that she almost ditched the whole parade.

"You see," the voice said, "I haven't any face to speak of just at present."

"What became of it?"

"I tried to light my pipe with gasoline in an absent-minded moment—I was thinking of an improvement on my thief-call at the time—and I'm out of society until my landscape is reforested, so to speak."

"You must be very vain of your personal appearance," she decided. "Are you a model of manly beauty?"

"Just like a hedge fence," he assured her.

"That's better. When do you expect to recover?"

"Eyebrows in six to eight weeks. Hair in ten. Meantime, I'm living a secluded life, traveling in the car, mainly by night."

"Do you housekeep in there?" she asked incredulously.

"Why not? There's plenty of room for my humble cot, and I eat by the roadside."

"It's a fascinating sort of lunacy. I hope

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

From its interior there emerged the most appalling combination of bellow, yowl, and squawk that had ever afflicted her ears.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

it's harmless. Will you invite me to dinner some day?"

"Not if you're used to Malverton Inn standards of surreptitiousness."

"This is my first experience. Is it *very* dashing?"

"There might be dashes, and even stars in some of the Malverton Inn episodes, if its reputation is just."

"What a thrill you're giving me," laughed the girl. She put on a touch of extra speed, then slacked up to say, "But what am I going to do with you?"

"As soon as you're out of my sight, me and my little car, we'll slide out."

"Leaving me to walk home? You're my idea of a one-way cavalier!"

"Won't your man get you back?" he asked in surprise.

There was a somber lowering of the girl's tone as she answered, "He can't, very well."

"In that case—Adolphus waits for orders."

"Is that your name, Adolphus? How suitable! I've always yearned to know a man named Adolphus."

"It goes well with Jones, don't you think?"

"Why Jones?" she inquired forgetfully.

"Adopting your brilliant and convincing invention for the cop. You told him your friend's name was Jones. I'm aspiring to be your friend."

"So far you're doing quite well," she encouraged him. "Then you'll wait?"

"On the spot marked X," he averred, as the car came to a stop just beyond the side steps. But he didn't.

II.

A SOUR, freckled, gnarly-minded caretaker found the roadster in the way of some contemplated vine trimming, loosed the brake, and let it slide gently around the corner, moving also Mr. Richard Penn, therewith enclosed, and the entire course of this history. For it is this sort of thing that makes the world go round.

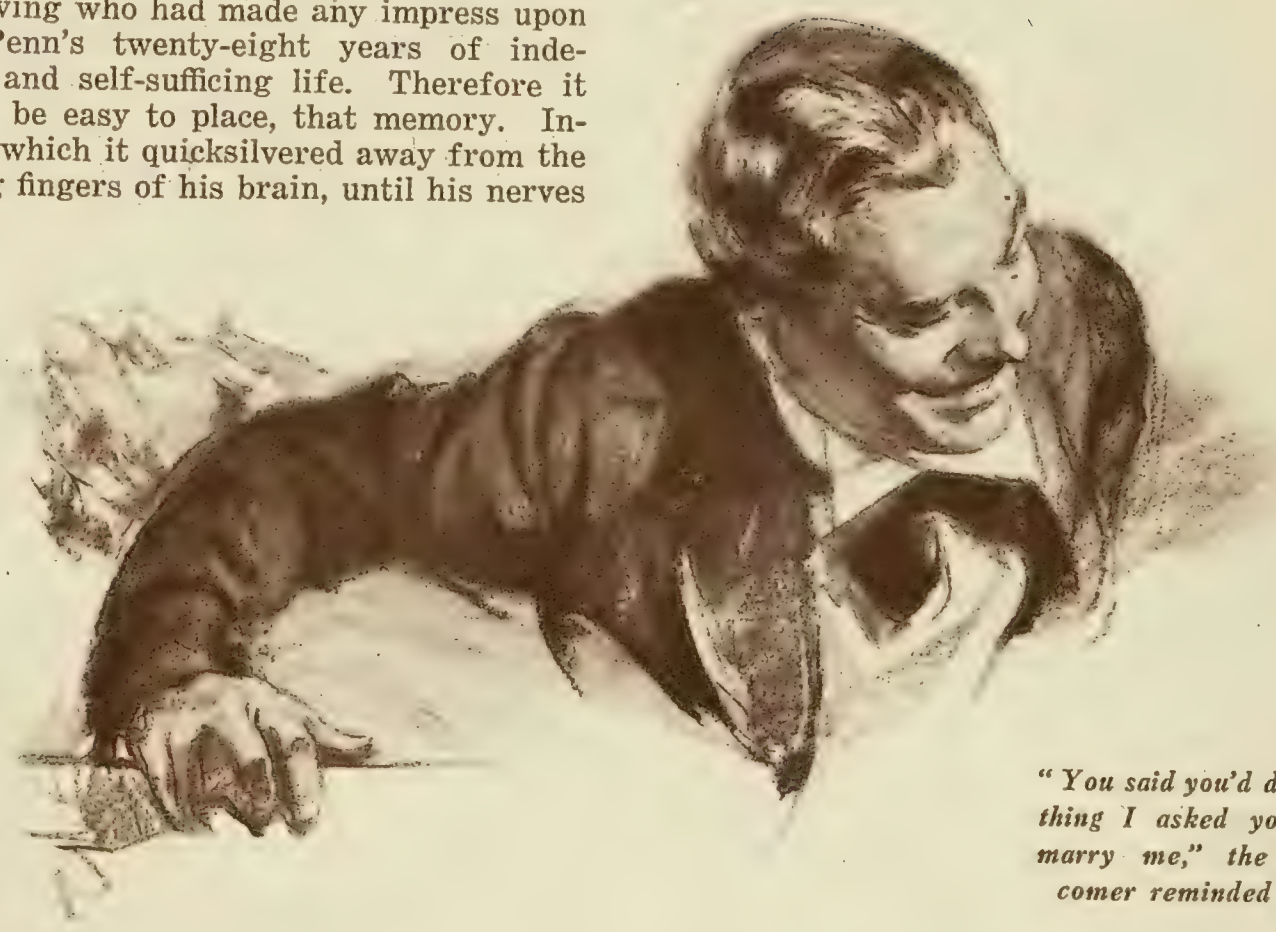
"You stay *put*," growled the caretaker to the car, which had stopped beneath an open second floor window, just beyond which a couple were making pretense of eating.

The car obligingly stayed. So did the owner. Craving more air he cautiously raised the cover and found himself the unwilling eavesdropper upon a dialogue which was by turns blatantly clear or half lost as the tense voices rose and fell. One of the voices was already unforgettably known to him. The other, a man's, was clear, cultivated, alive with light and shade, and instinct with some emotion which seemed to be pain.

A chair scraped harshly. There were footsteps and the man stood in the window, in such a position that a quick shift of the ingenious Mr. Penn's thief-catching mirrors (he liked to see the various adventurers who tried to steal his car) brought him into view. No doubt about the pain now. The man's clean bred, handsome, weary face was full of pain. He was much older than the girl, the onlooker decided; might have been twice her age, almost; but of a type to which age is a negligible consideration.

He had the still, observant eyes, the hard bronzed skin, the bearing of physical competency and self-reliance characteristic of men who spend much time in the open, tracking wild creatures of the remote rough places. Just the kind of man, decided the astute student of physiognomy below, to capture the fancy of a spirited young girl.

But what arrested and puzzled the observer was the haunting and decisive resemblance to someone he had somewhere known and known intimately. Intimately? Well, perhaps not exactly that; but someone who had made an impress on his life; and there were very few people living who had made any impress upon Dicky Penn's twenty-eight years of independent and self-sufficing life. Therefore it ought to be easy to place, that memory. Instead of which it quicksilvered away from the clutching fingers of his brain, until his nerves



"You said you'd do anything I asked you but marry me," the newcomer reminded her.

spun. Who, where, when——

The girl was speaking.

"You've got to go to her."

"That means leaving you."

There was a long pause, and the girl said, "After all, she's your wife."

"The fact doesn't seem to be making a deep impression on her," said the man bitterly.

"How much does she know?"

"All I could tell her in a cable. She isn't standing by, Bartie. Not as you are."

"She doesn't understand, probably." Then, with a little surge of jealousy. "She doesn't understand *you* as I do. How should she! Oh——" some form of address which the man below failed to catch, followed by other undistinguishable words; and then in a tone warmed to generosity—"only a kid after all. Hardly older than I am, and doesn't know nearly as much about things in general. Why should *you* have picked one of the sheltered, helpless kind! Oh, well, it *is* pretty tough, you know, to marry a near millionaire and have him suddenly go broke on you, even if you do love him. And she does love you in her queer way. I have to grant her that even if I do ha—if I don't care for her over-fervently. Is it a complete smash?"

"Complete for the present."

"I've got a little. That's yours if you want it," she said softly.

"Do you think I'd do that?" He turned back from the window.

"Why not? I'd love to do something for you."

"IT wouldn't do any good. I'll pull out of this in the end. But I hate this damned, skulking, hole-and-corner business! Having you sneak away to meet me in a place like this."

"Why need you?"

"Legal technicalities," he sighed. "Something about papers that my lawyer is keeping me away from for a month. Then I can come out and fight them in the open. And I'll give them a fight," he added grimly. "But—but, Bartie, what are you going to do?"

"O-o-o-oh," said the girl, in a resolutely careless, rising intonation, "marry Carter Upshaw, I expect."

"Cart—why, damn it," growled the man. "He's older than I am."

"Well, it lies between him and Silsbee Smith. And Carter's got loads more money—to be practical for the moment."

"Which do you care about the most?"

"Oh, I like 'em both. Silsbee is more fun. Of course, he's *miles* younger. But Carter is a kind of dear, in his way, and he's so mad about me. It's quite pitiful. . . . And it really doesn't matter. If there were any of them that I'd ever really cared about——"

"Haven't you really, Bartie?" he asked wistfully.

"No-o-o; can't say I have. Out of two dozen proposals—count 'em, twenty-four to date—I haven't got a single electric thrill. They don't any of 'em show up any too well as compared to you," she concluded with conviction.

"Then if you aren't in love with any of them——"

"Oh, what's the use!" cried the girl. "If I'm not I probably never will be. And if it's a choice between marrying Carter or Silsbee or Tom Wodruff or Ellery Pond or any one of half a dozen others, and being an honest working goil, which seems the present alternative, me for the altar and Mr. Mendelssohn's well known musical composition."

"Bartie, it isn't right. I'm not going to——" The protest was checked as by the imposition of an imperious hand.

"Haven't you got troubles enough of your own—without me?" said the girl, with a little catch in her voice. "And you can't have me any longer. I'm due at the yacht landing at eight bells, and you know what sticklers the Townsends are for schedule."

"Is Upshaw on the party?" he growled.

"Yes. So is Silsbee."

"Come over in one of the Townsend cars?"

Her voice became gayer as she said, "Part way, and then the deep, deep ditch. I picked up the most fascinating car with the most peerless character concealed in its depths. It and he are waiting for me now, to go back. Tell you all about it, sometime. I must fly. Good-by, dear, and please, *please*, don't be silly about me. It's the only way. And it won't be so bad."

There was an interlude of silence before

Dicky Penn heard her say outside, "Why, where is the darn thing!" and then, "Oh, there it is;" in which interlude he had lifted his soul, by its own bootstraps, as it were, to a high and chivalrous resolution. Not without a pang, however, for his own talk with Bartie Dennison and the one brief glimpse he had got at her had roused that anticipative curiosity which is often the precursor of many and troublesome things.

But young Mr. Penn was by nature a romantic and a shy one, which is a dreadful combination. Having discovered a damsel in trouble—or she having discovered him—and trailed her to the lair of the dragon—though he did not in the least resemble a dragon, and Dicky couldn't help but like and be sorry for him in spite of the fact that he seemed to be cast for the villain of the play, as dragons always are, poor things!—he proposed to offer himself as sacrifice, rescue the damsel, and restore her—to what? To the dragon? It looked that way, as far as he had been able to figure it. At this point his knightly plans became confused, and he decided not to look too far into the future. The first consideration was rescue.

"Fits like the last block in a picture puzzle," he said. "I'll do it anyway."

III.

AWAY went the car at speed. Its human freight, painfully jolted, inferred that the driver was probably in a state of mind. On the basis of the overheard conversation he didn't wonder. It seemed a mess. Dicky Penn felt sorry for the girl. The car turned, the pace slackened, and the gay, soft voice of Bartie Dennison called:

"Adolphus?"

"Yes."

"Are you still there?"

"I am."

"What doing?"

"Thinking."

"Subject of thoughts?"

"You."

"Nature of thoughts?"

"Serious."

"You excite me to a spasm, Adolphus."

"Will you marry me?"

"Undoubtedly. There is a ring around the sun, and this is the kind of day on which anything might happen. Besides, I'm feeling reckless."

"I don't mean today," said the inner voice hastily.

"Proving that you're not as reckless as I am. Just the same, I'll nominate you for the Nobel prize for chivalry. A fair unknown steals your car and you not only let her get away with it and chaperon her on her nefarious errand, but offer to marry her into the bargain. Knightly, I call it. But why?"

"Well, as long as you're thinking of getting married——"

"How do you know I'm thinking of getting married?"

"Somebody moved my car around under the window."

"And you heard everything?"

"No. Only part of it. I didn't mean to listen in. I'd better be frank, if you don't mind," he added with an effort.

"Oh, I don't mind."

"We—ell, I heard enough to know that he was—er—a married man and—er——"

"Er—what?" she mocked. She seemed to be combating some emotion which might be righteous indignation, or alarm, or embarrassment. Dicky Penn was quite miserable over it. "What did you make of that?"

"Nothing."

"More chivalry. And you offer to marry me to save me from him. Is that the idea?"

"No. It's a business proposition. Suppose," he added brightly, "I map it out for you from the beginning."

"It sounds like a long, sad story," she sighed. "Where does it begin?"

"It really begins with Uncle Sedgwick. He made a large fortune in some kind of importing."

"Uncle Sedgwick fails to intrigue me. 'Oh, skip your dear uncle' the Bellman exclaimed and impatiently tinkled his bell."

"'I skip forty years,' said the butcher in tears——"

"*What!* Do *you* belong to the the High Order of Snark-Hunters? Why, I believe the lad is trying to lure me to love him."

"Oh, no: I wouldn't expect that," was the modest reply. "And I can't skip my dear uncle after all. He's too important. He was a romantic old party, having been early blighted in love, and he believed in marriage and home life and all that sort of thing, and he used to get sore because I wasn't interested in any of the fluffs he wanted me to marry. So when he kicked off his will gave me up to my thirtieth birthday to marry and——"

"I know! And you're thirty next week, and unless I come to your rescue and your arms——"

"I'm not. I'm just twenty-eight."

"Two years to go. Then why the mad rush? And why pick on me?"

"We—ell, you seem to be an intelligent sort of girl——"

"Don't overwhelm me."

"——And I thought you'd understand. The others didn't."

"Oh, there were others, were there?"

"Lots of 'em," he replied. "A fellow isn't going to let eight hundred thousand dollars slip through his fingers without an effort. But I couldn't get 'em to view it as a business proposition. They all seemed to think it involved setting up housekeeping, and all that."

"It usually does, I believe."

"Of course, I wouldn't expect that of you, especially considering——"

"I see. Parted at the church door. That's a thought. What magazines do you write for mostly?".

"See here!" he said, taken aback. "Don't you believe this?"

"Do you expect me to?"

"It's all true."

"Well! If I've got to take you seriously, why don't you give yourself more time? You might fall in love, you know."

"I never have."

"That's no sign you never will. Then think what a mess you'd be in."

"I CAN'T be bothered," said he impatiently. "I've got half a dozen important inventions in my head that need money to work out—not like this thief-call thing; that's just a

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

toy—— Tell you about 'em sometime. A fifty-fifty split with you——"

"You're generous!" conceded the girl.

"Well, I think that'd be only fair if you went to the trouble of marrying and divorcing me."

"Oh, I'm to divorce you, am I?"

"Why, I certainly wouldn't expect you to stay married to me."

"Adolphus, *will* you tell me, before I come to, why you should want to do this for me when there are any number of nice and needy girls who would grab at it?"

Apparently this puzzled him, for there was a long silence.

"I expect," he said at last, "it's because you're the sort of girl one would like to do things for."

"I could almost learn to esteem you highly," rippled Miss Dennison. "Come out and let's have a look at you."

"Lord, no! That'd spoil everything."

"Then it's all off." There was a subtle change in her utterance of the next words. "I've an idea that you're a good deal of a dear; but of course you're either the world's prize josher or utterly dippy, and—and I never heard of anything so absurd and outrageous and sweet in my life, and your offer is respectfully declined."

"Ditched again," he said gloomily.

"Don't cry, little one. There are lots of nicer dollies than I am."

"I don't want a dolly."

"You will, some day. You've given me a wonderful day and a brand new experience and I'll do anything else in the world for you except marry you."

"Will you?" said the voice eagerly. "And you won't marry the other fellow until I see you again?"

"When will that be?"

"As soon as my devastated area is restored."

"It's a bet. Here's where I get out and walk."

At the turn of the road to the sea she stopped to look back at the great car, shadow-dappled beneath an elm.

"I'll bet I do, though," said Bartie Dennison enigmatically and prophetically. "And," she added on a surprising thought, "I don't even know his name."

IV.

THAT little wrinkle immediately above Miss Bartie Dennison's delicate nose, a wrinkle not to be found in any of the beauty charts, sometimes meditative, sometimes mirthful, which had lured many a youth away from his allegiance to many a prettier girl, began to take on an expectant and dreamy effect—if a wrinkle can dream. Though, indeed, this was as much of a dimple as it was a wrinkle.

Certainly Bartie's eyes dreamed at times, and again laughed with a lively light of anticipation. For she had been highly amused, so highly, in fact, that life seemed a little featureless since the episode of the ravished car.

She considerably surprised her hairdresser by asking her how long it took for a man's eyebrows to grow out. The hairdresser said she didn't know but would make inquiries. Miss Dennison said no! please don't! it didn't matter anyway. This was far from true.

Though she would scornfully have rejected any such idea, Bartie's round of house parties for the next two months was one long quest of a voice or of a face which would suggest that voice. An innumerable number of times her eyes had queried of the newly presented, "Art thou the man?" and any number of hopeful souls had answered the unspoken question, "I am," enthusiastically but erroneously. They weren't.

BARTIE got her first jarring thrill at the Townsends' second house party, when, coming down stairs, she heard in the hall below a man's voice with a queer sort of happy resonance in it, and a touch of hesitation in the utterance.

"If he was shut up in a closed place," she thought, "it would be exactly like . . . How surprised he'd be if I said, 'Please put your head in a box and talk to me.' Wonder what he looks like?"

With an almost breathless feeling she peered over at the newly arrived guest, and got an authentic start as their eyes met. For he was all that romantic anticipation could have desired; bronzed, erect, in wrinkle-less clothes (after a night in the sleeper, too! she thought, with feminine attention to clothes) with an expression of boyish candor, and pleasant eyes which lighted amazingly as he spied the face looking down at him.

"Are you going to breakfast with me?" he asked instantly and so spontaneously that Bartie said at once:

"I am. And please make it snappy. I'm famished."

They spent the morning together, and the afternoon, and with his queer, attractive manner he told her all the scores of all the football games played by all the major colleges for ten years past, together with the prospects for the coming season, and found her a fascinating companion. But he'd never seen a Parkinson car, and didn't know what a snark was. So when, that evening, after holding her hand he tried to kiss her, Bartie said without resentment but with gentle melancholy, "I'm bored."

And that ended that.

Next day it was worse, her mail having been forwarded, and her bank report being uncomfortably incommensurate with her bills, Bartie was more than annoyed; she was disturbed. Then the annoyance came to the surface again. Why didn't the vaunted rescuer come to her aid? Not that she had the slightest intention of marrying him—but, meantime she wasn't marrying anyone else, and those bills! If he didn't appear pretty soon she'd get so mad she'd marry him anyway! But it no longer occurred to her as a tenable proposition that the whole thing was a josh. No! that voice meant what it said.

Four strange men showed up for the dance that night, all of whom came within her ken, for Bartie was the kind of girl to whom a shrewd hostess invariably presented the newcomers. You could always depend upon Bartie to live up to the obligations of the occasion.

Two of the men were of the usual well-groomed, attractive young type, a third looked like an intelligent and amiable Chinaman in a slept-in dinner coat, and the fourth was a dark, shy, professional individual, somewhat older.

About the middle of the evening the pseudo-Chinaman drifted over to the corner where Bartie had been desperately fencing with Carter Upshaw—she didn't want to take Carter and she didn't want to lose him—and with a deprecating smile, huskily muttered something about the next dance.

"I'm so sorry," said she, "but it's taken."

"Well," murmured the applicant modestly, "the next six or eight after that would do."

"Indeed!" Bartie, usually a pattern of good humor, began to be annoyed. "Are you the President of the Society for the Relief of Wallflowers?"

"You said you'd do anything I asked you but marry me," the newcomer reminded her.

At that voice, totally different, Bartie Dennison's heart performed an entirely new little wriggle.

"I didn't think you'd look that way at *all*," said she a little breathlessly.

"I'm sorry," he grinned.

At that grin she decided that perhaps she would quite as soon have him look that way as any other way she could think of. It was a highly appealing, shy, friendly, confidence-inspiring grin.

"What is your name?" she asked. "I forgot to ask you before, and, of course, I didn't get it when Marjie Townsend presented you."

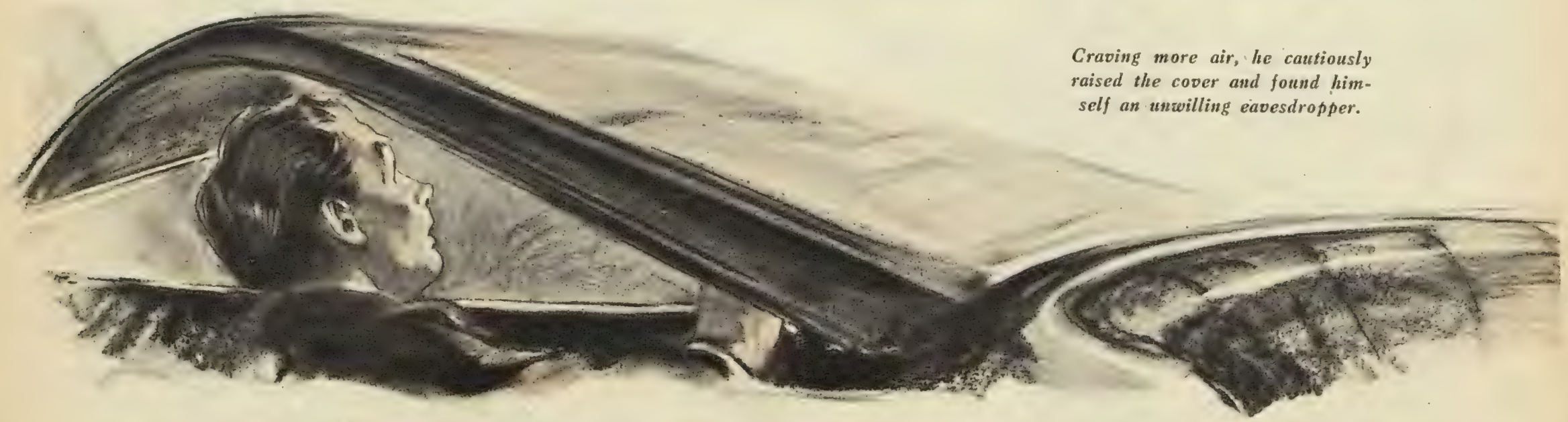
"Penn—Richard—twenty-eight—white—free—and unmarried."

"What, *still?*" The pretense of amazement was admirable. "How have you ever escaped?"

"I've been waiting for your decision."

Bartie's lids began to droop. This was a danger signal, for the wisdom of the serpent assumed the eyes of the dove in Miss Dennison's subtle personality.

"Be careful," she warned. "I'm feeling even more reckless than before."



Craving more air, he cautiously raised the cover and found himself an unwilling eavesdropper.

"Then we're engaged," he decided. "Shake hands on it."

"That isn't the usual formula," she remarked.

"Oh—er—I—do I have to—er—is it usual to kiss you?"

"It's very unusual," said Bartie austerely. "I'm an extremely proper and particular young person, I'd have you know."

"But I mean—if it's the customary thing."

"Don't you *want* to kiss me?" demanded the girl.

"Oh, Lord, *yes!* But I'm afraid."

"What are you afraid of?"

"I dunno," he confessed. Again the disarming grin. "I'm not used to it."

"Richard Penn," said his fiancée, with marked severity, "have you got the temerity to get engaged to me when you've never kissed a girl before? What do you think I am? A trainer?"

Dicky Penn had a saving thought.

"But this is a business engagement," he stated brightly. "By the way, would you want me—could you use any—er—cash on account or anything like that?"

Gravity sat enthroned on Bartie's considering brow though the wrinkle-dimple twitched suspiciously. "Is that your idea of a business engagement?"

"How do I know?" he sighed. "I've never been engaged before. What do we do now? Go and tell Jim and Marjie Townsend?"

"Idiot! You're supposed to have met me half an hour ago and you expect to crash through and announce that we're engaged. Haven't you got *any* sense?"

"Not an atom," he beamed. "You'll have to teach me."

"Is that part of the contract?"

"I think it ought to be."

"All right. Try to stick around for two weeks and give an imitation of a heavy suitor—when anyone's watching—and at the end of that time we'll see what can be done. This is a house of swift action."

"You mean I'm on probation?"

"Something of that sort."

"When'll we be married?"

"If you live up to expect—I mean specifications, in six months or so——"

"Six centuries! I'm sailing four weeks from tomorrow on the Squintock for Genoa."

"You expect me to marry you in four weeks!" cried Bartie, suddenly appalled. Then she remembered what kind of marriage it was to be, and laughed. "Go ahead. Unfold your plan."

"WE'LL go to your lawyer and fix it up to split Uncle Sedgwick's wad. Then, on the morning of the day I sail we go to a magistrate or something and go through the ceremony. Just you and me and a couple of witnesses, and then if you've got time you can come down to the boat and see me off."

"Then if you aren't in love with any of them——"
"Oh, what's the use!" cried the girl. "If I'm not I probably never will be."

"That'll be nice. And what becomes of me?"

"You go ahead and get your divorce or annulment, or whatever it is."

"On what ground?"

"Oh, I dunno. On the ground that I'm incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial. The lawyers'll fix it up."

"What a thoughtful lover! All figured out," said the girl in a peculiar tone. "Who are the witnesses?"

"You pick one and I'll pick one."

"All right. I'll pick the man I lunched with at the inn."

"No," said Dicky Penn, with sudden and unexpected violence.

Bartie bristled; then laughed. "Oh, all right," she yielded, "if you feel that way about it."

"It's queer," he confessed. "But I do. Dunno why I should."

"Tell me something. Exactly what did you think of that episode?"

"Why—er—nothing."

"Don't dodge. You must have thought something if you overheard. You knew he was married and—and that I'm fond of him."

"That's all right," said Dicky Penn staidly. "That's your lookout."

Bartie frowned. "Do you mean you *approve*—as my fiancé?"

"Oh, Lord! I'd forgotten that. Why, you see, Miss Den——"

"Bartie," she corrected.

"——Bartie. I've got a queer creed about things of that sort. Particularly about women. Not that I know anything about it, but I just figured it out for myself, like one of my inventions, you know. . . . You—you won't laugh at it, will you?"

"Take a chance," came her soft encouragement.

"I figure it like this; women get so much the worst of it in the scheme of the world that I'd give every woman the right to one mistake in her search for happiness."

"Sounds quite desperate and immoral and reasonable to me."

"Oh, I'm a very immoral person," he assured

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

her. "I believe in Wells and Shaw and all that lot."

"And you think that I've made my—mistake?" she pursued.

He flushed. "No, I don't. How should I know? . . . No: I don't believe that—not the way you mean."

The girl laughed a little unsteadily. "It's perfectly evident, Richard Penn——"

"Dicky Penn is the usual form."

"——Dicky Penn, that you are a lofty and unique character, and I can't bear the thought of losing you until I know you better. Therefore, we're engaged. But not for publication yet."

"That'll be all right," he said, comfortably. "You tell me how to act, and I'll act that way."

"Do I have to be engaged for *both* of us?" she flashed. Then, relenting: "Oh, all right, Dicky. Leave it to Bartie."

In the next fortnight, under the assuring influence of being the recognized suitor of the most attractive girl in the place, Mr. Richard Penn bloomed exceedingly and surprisingly. And several of the other maidens who had aforetime suffered from Miss Dennison's raiding now gave her such a run for her money that she announced the engagement five days sooner than she had planned. That was the morning after the evening when Dicky kissed her. Or did she kiss him? Anyway, they kissed, and though he immediately apologized, Bartie's heart performed such a curious and disturbing wriggle that she began to suspect incredulously that she was in for trouble.

Therefore she treated her fiancé most shabbily for the rest of the stay.

V.

THE alert, bronzed man of the Malverton Inn episode said warningly: "If you don't want to be late to your own wedding, you'd better get ready."

"I'm on my toes," said Bartie Dennison, her eyes alight.

The man shook his head. "I don't understand you at all. It's a new Bartie to me."

"It's a new Bartie to *me*, and I'm not at all sure *I* understand her. You know, I always told you that when it did come it would hit me like a ten-inch shell. It has."

"But you hardly know him."

"I know him inside and out," she retorted with profound conviction, adding judicially, "and the inside is better than the out."

"It could easily be that," he murmured.

"I think he's *fascinating* looking," she flashed indignantly. "So do a lot of the other girls," she supplemented, woman-wise. "He was the hit of the house party."

"Evidently, with you."

"Oh, it began before that; the day he rescued me. Have you fixed it up with the steamship people?"

"It's all fixed. Here's the revised passenger list. Stateroom C." The girl took it and a slow color flushed up into her face. "Whew!" said the man, "you are a lovely thing, Bartie."

"Of course I am," was the impudent and laughing retort. "If a girl can't be lovely on her wedding day, she'd better stay an old maid."

"I think you're taking a terrible chance," said the man ominously.

"Oh, I can always jump the rail at the last moment if I get cold feet."

"Does he know you're in love with him?"

"Bless your heart! He doesn't even know he's in love with me. And it's almost killing him," she chuckled.

"Nevertheless, I don't——"

She was upon him in a pounce; her arms close about his neck, her cheek pressed to his.

"Oh, let me have my chance," she said with a sort of quiet passion. "It may go all wrong; what if it does? Every woman has a right to one mistake in her search for happiness. That's a quote. From him. Kiss me good-by now, and wish me luck. I may be back on your hands this evening. With a queer elf like my prospective husband you never can tell. There's my taxi."

At the magistrate's office Bartie contributed one unofficial remark and one only; in a savage whisper.

"If you don't stop looking like the undertaker's first assistant, I'll *jilt* you."

And so, in five or six minutes, they were married.

"And now what?" said Dicky Penn with the valiant martial smile of a man approaching the dentist's chair.

"Now," answered Mrs. Penn, "I'll go down dutifully to the boat and see you off."

"If you think that's going to make it any easier," he began, and left it unfinished.

Bartie Penn opened wide eyes of innocence. "Why shouldn't it be easy? As a business proposition it has worked out perfectly."

"Absolutely," assented Mr. Penn, but without marked enthusiasm.

THE taxi ride to the steamship pier was featured by a brilliant, detached, and convincing business and legal prospectus by Mr. Richard Penn, with Mrs. Penn as polite and raging audience. She followed him up the gangplank and they took their places well forward at the rail. Suddenly the girl's face flushed and she blew a kiss to someone far below.

"Well, damn my eyes," said Dicky Penn.

It was the bronzed and depressed athlete of the inn rendezvous who started it all.

"What's he doing here?"

"He came down to make sure everything was all right about our—about the stateroom. His cousin is president of the line."

"Awfully sweet of him," growled Dicky. "D' you think I'd better throw him a couple of kisses, too?"

"It might not be inappropriate," chuckled the girl.

"And I suppose when you leave me you'll go back with him."

"Oh, I don't know," was the careless reply.

"And then he'll get *his* divorce and you'll——"

"He hasn't any intention of getting a divorce," retorted Bartie shortly.

"Uh!" barked Dicky and sank into silence.

"Look at him," commanded Bartie.

"Don't like his looks."

"Oh, *don't* you? Now look at me. Maybe you don't like mine, either."

"Yes! I do."

"Take a *good* look," she said encouragingly, "at both of us. You said something once about his reminding you of someone who had played an important part in your life. Look again! Get any clew?"

A slow grin broke, like sunrise upon a gloomy world, over the expressive features of Dicky Penn.

"I suspect," said he, "that my reverent gaze is resting upon the features of my father-in-law."

"Mud-turtle!" returned the girl disdainfully. "You ought to have known it from the very first. We look exactly alike."

"But I'd only had one glimpse of your face, and only half of it at that," he protested.

"Then how could it have played an important part in your life?" she said severely.

"That's so! How could it!" A struggle, a titanic intellectual effort made itself evident in his intent face, only to be superseded by an expression of overwhelming gloom.

"Now, what's the matter?" demanded Bartie. "You look absolutely sunk."

"I am."

"What's plunged you now?"

"I've just found out something."

"Tell me your troubles. Aren't I your lawfully wedded wife?"

"That's the worst of it," said Dicky Penn desperately. "I love you."

THERE was a long silence, out of which emerged Bartie's voice, tense with indignation. "That's a nice bit of information to impart—now."

"I know," said he wretchedly. "I oughtn't to have said it."

"You ought to have said it *ages* ago."

"Wh—wh—why?" stuttered Dicky Penn.

"Oh, you poor, darn fool! Don't you know *anything* about women? . . . Dicky! You can't kiss me here—before everybody in the world!"

"*Can't I*," said Dicky, promptly refuting her error. "You're wrong—several times" (suiting the action to the word). "They'll only think I'm saying good-by. . . . Why, I *am* saying good-by!" he added in an appalled wail of realization. "Hey! Captain! Somebody! Hold the boat! I'm getting off."

"What about the business agreement?" she demurely reminded him.

"Blast and damn the dam-blasted agreement! D'you think I'm going *now*? Where's Stateroom C?"

He dashed inside. Lingering only long enough to wave a hasty farewell to her father, the girl followed. She found her bridegroom engaged in a violent struggle with a steamer trunk which might conceivably have fitted under the berth if the entire ship had been rebuilt. As she appeared he desisted, panting furiously:

"Who put that thing here?"

"The porter, I suppose."

"But what *is* it?"

She was very kind, as to a slow but ambitious-minded child. "Why it's a trunk."

"Yes; but whose?"

She stooped to read the glaringly new initialing: E. D. P.

"Must be mine," she said, brightening with the candid satisfaction of a knotty problem solved. She sat down on one end of the trunk, casting about her a look intended to mean that she felt perfectly at ease there; never more comfortable in her life. She even got out a cigaret and tried to light it, but her hand was unaccountably shaky, and the match fluttered out. As for Dicky Penn, he was in a stupor and quite beyond affording any aid.

Outside a whistle wailed, shrieked, moaned, burbled, and squawked its lament for the departing.

"Sounds quite like a thief-call, don't you think?" murmured Bartie Penn.

"All ashore that's going ashore," thundered a relentless and fateful voice.

"If you're going," said the girl, "this is your cue."

Dicky Penn sat down weakly on the farther end of the trunk.

"What are *you* going to do?" he inquired in a ghost's gasp.

"Me? Oh, I think I'll stay. I like this room," said Bartie Penn.

"I guess I'll stay, too," said Dicky in a voice of deep contentment.

THE END

The WORLD'S RULERS WEAR PANTS!

We Think of Navies and Money as Factors in International Power. But It Remained for an American Humorist to Discover the Real Secret of World Dominion, Revealed in This Article

By WALLACE IRWIN

Picture by C. B. FALLS

NOT so long ago I finished a trip around the world, and since then I have joined the Photo Album Exhibitors' Association, a body of men and women who enjoy themselves intensely and are regarded as a scourge to society in general.

The charm of this association lies in its toleration. It permits its members to gaze for hours at a time, fatuously, rhapsodically, at pictures of themselves arrayed in fancy dress costume, with a background of junks, pagodas, lepers, snake charmers, and the village idiots who, in every harbor in the world, swarm down to the dock to greet American tourists and ask a dollar's worth of foreign exchange for the sort of glass beads we pay a dime for when we're on Broadway and care'ess with our money.

In the club rooms of the association there is neither a spirit of persecution nor of police interference.

A member may coo to another member, "Wasn't the sunset divine that afternoon on the sacred Jumna!" and there comes no warning "Shut up!" from behind the drawn curtains of the room.

At the association yesterday I found myself admiring myself in kodak form. There I stood, in a lovely explorer's pith helmet and a sweet little tropical hunting jacket, while several Buddhist priests whom I had paid a rupee apiece to get into the picture were grouped around, grinning from ear to ear. They had just been looking at my legs. If you ever see the picture—which I refuse to tear out of my album—you will know the reason why they grin.

I was wearing a pair of those things which the English very properly call "shorts." They are nothing less—and certainly nothing more—than a pair of trousers cut off three inches above the place where one's tender, symmetrical, dimpled knees join themselves with the lower leg and so on down. To add perfection's touch to the tableau I had shed my shoes and stockings, because it is a rule with the Burmese that foreign devils shall enter their temples barefoot. . . . But that's another story, as former Secretary Fall so pertinently might have said.

Anyhow, the portrait set me dreaming on the subject of pants and politics, as observed by me during my recent tour in which I sailed five times as far as Columbus did and went fifty times as fast and learned

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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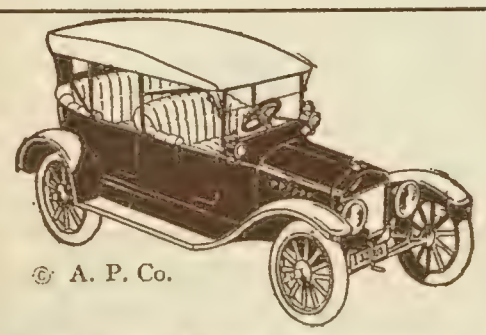

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

less than a hundredth as much.

As I voyaged by the adulterated wine of Madeira, the short range guns of Gibraltar, the long range spaghetti of Naples, coasted down the Mediterranean, and came at last to the west of Suez, where the Ten Commandments are regarded vaguely as some sort of American movie that failed at Hollywood, the relation of the clothed human leg to the ability of a people to govern themselves became more and more apparent.

ONE has to be a world traveler, you know, to realize that the human leg is only a matter of point of view. In America it is regarded as something to walk with, except in the show-girl section, where it is valued largely for exhibition purposes. But in the Orient, on days when the American boats come in, the leg is looked upon as something to be pulled, gently, firmly, and as far as the traffic will bear.

But if, upon landing, the natives looked at my legs with a sort of cannibal interest, I confess an equally intimate curiosity in my study of theirs. And from my observations, much as Newton worked out the law of gravitation from the falling of the apple, I devised a law of elevation from the simple nether draperies which I was able to study over thirty-five thousand miles of ramified exploration.

From the fattened mendicants of Algiers to the black shadows of the South Seas I have seen everything but trousers worn in the place where trousers have been stipulated by an International Tailors' Congress. Flour sacks, tablecloths, window curtains, turkey dusters, batiks, sarongs, lace-edged petticoats, nightshirts, pajamas, a sort of coatee effect which introduces a pair of dirty cotton stockings—from all these I have formulated a theory, to wit: the pantless people must forever bow the knee to the panted people.

Up and down the sloppy hills of Algiers, where the streets are as crooked as the native commercial conscience, I trudged along, now stepping aside to avoid a dead but not forgotten cat, again changing my course in order that a good Moslem housewife might empty her dishwater more freely on somebody else; and as I walked I worked upon my pantheistic theory. The inhabitants shuffled by, either in the dirty woolen blanket of the freedom-loving and flea-retaining Bedouin or the bifurcated bags of the city-dwelling and city-smelling Arab.

Everybody paused as I went by, held out a friendly hand, left a thumb print on my white coat, and murmured, "Backsheesh!" a pretty word which I at first thought meant "Welcome, stranger!" until I found that it is the universal slogan of the Orient signifying gimme-a-nickel.

In Algiers, as I discovered it, the principal industries are smoking, cheating, and selling Arabian scimitars which they buy by the gross from a factory in Birmingham, England.

Children are rated on their talents as beggars. A father, when he's in luck, rushes into the streets, tosses up his fez, and shouts, "Allah be praised! My boy has infantile paralysis—we'll be rich!"

When an Algerian works he does it upon the propulsion of the pants-bearing leg of some irritated French colonial.

By choice the Algerian is a thief; by necessity he's a mendicant. My guide, who automatically held out his hand for *backsheesh* after I had paid him double for a morning of Arabian Nights tales, solemnly informed me that there was one native resident who was too proud to beg. He's the mayor. I didn't meet the mayor, but I have no reason to believe that my guide wasn't lying again.

Microbes roost on Algerian balconies, cackling as you pass; infectious diseases stand on the corners, swapping germs while the Arab merchant squats in his little chicken crate—he calls it a bazaar—wasting his time and yours in hopes of cheating you out of eleven cents, which he usually doesn't get because you get tired after a while and leave him to stamp on his turban amidst a whirlwind of oratory to the effect that you are the son of a dog of the son of a dog of the son of a dog-gone unbeliever. The unbeliever part of it I'll freely admit.

I LEFT Algiers after buying a quart of seven dollar champagne for a dollar seventy-five. When I got on the boat I found that the cork had been pulled by a native bootlegger and soda pop introduced.

So much for the bag-wearing races. In a day or so we touched at Port Said, western outpost of the nightshirt belt. England recently turned Egypt over to self-government and laughed herself sick as she did so.

The Egyptians, as I found them, were a little less self-respecting than the Algerians. They're further still from the pants ideal. The railroad officials, who dress like Mystic Shriners but show none of the spiritual levity of that order, are fairly efficient. Here, again, comes my theory. The rules of the road compel them to wear trousers. How they behave at home, once they slip on the sad blue robes of Egypt, I hesitate to guess.

The Egyptian farmer spends his life on a mud flat and can only be distinguished from the mud by the fact that he sometimes moves

—usually to throw something at his muck-covered pet, the water buffalo. When he builds himself a house he heaps up a bank of his beloved mud and digs a hole in it. The Egyptian farmer takes a bath whenever the Nile rises faster than he can get away. The Nile had been running low for months when we went past.

•

AT Cairo I was alarmed to find that begging in Algiers is merely in its infancy. The Egyptian has a system. He works it on the principle of the subway mendicant who pretends to sell lead pencils.

When the tourists arrive every citizen of Cairo—merchants, manicurists, salesmen, and scavengers—quit their customary employment and go after the money with palms extended.

The factories of Hamburg are busy night and day manufacturing Egyptian antiquities, Malacca sticks, and real Arab turbans which an excitable mob in front of Shepherd's Hotel poke in the face of the struggling American, who, if he is to pass at all, must pull along at least four Egyptians attached to his coat tail. I didn't visit King Tut's tomb or behold the wonders removed from it, but I am free to state that if he bought them in Egypt they are bogus.

Self-government in Egypt looks, from the traveler's point of view, like a bargain sale in a Russian meat market. The Khedive, who is now a sort of king, stays in his palace as long as he thinks it is safe, then the liberator comes along and occupies his headquarters until somebody gives the mystic sign which means "This Way Out."

During my stay in Cairo my guide said as we returned from an afternoon's cheating at the bazaars, "You must not go this way, your highness. The liberator is home and there is a revolution in this street. But for half a dollar, American money, I can show you through the calm section of town. We always go this way and charge a little extra on days of revolution."

In the Cairo bazaars I found one honest merchant. He is a New York Jew and he has his price plainly marked on the article he sells. He is getting rich while the Arabs sit apart, gnashing their teeth—one of the best things they do. What Egypt needs is efficiency. Her natives must learn to wear pants.

FROM the Nightshirt Belt we progressed—or degenerated—into the Land of the Roller Towel. Oh, wondrous land! Oh, Land of India! From a standpoint of efficiency India is like Algeria and Egypt, plus hookworm, malaria and a sort of religion that keeps its devotee working day and night figuring on a chart to see just where his soul is standing and why he can't eat fish that has been fried by a compatriot who once worked for the proprietor of an English soap factory.

For clothing the Hindu tucks a roller towel around his legs and assembles another and larger roller towel over the portion of his skull where reason is supposed to sit on her lofty throne.

India is the land of inhibitions, and the Hindu's behavior is largely governed by the things he can't do. If you want the spots taken out of your white shoes you must hunt up a Number One Boy, an expert in castes, who in time will sleuth out a religious fanatic who will clean white shoes but not black—the gods he happens to favor won't let him touch black shoes.

Twice while I was in India I saw Englishmen strike Hindus in the face. Now, I can't enjoy seeing anybody hit anybody else in the face, especially when the hitee is of inferior stature and chronically wobbly in the knees. But in these two instances the Hindus seemed rather to enjoy it. They court martyrdom, they appreciate being walked on. Down in Madras the British government had to forbid the use of the Juggernaut, that heavy rolling joy wagon under whose wheels happy natives delighted to be crushed to death.

Today all the Hindu can accomplish in the way of making himself more miserable than he naturally is is to become a fakir and stick nails through his flesh, just to let the world know that he's given up trying to be comfortable in that climate.

There are a lot of modern Hindus like Tagore and Ghandi who think that India needs a spiritual awakening. What India really needs is more bathtubs and ten thousand sanitation experts of the General Gorgas type to teach them that a man isn't holy merely because he has leprosy and that a yellow fever mosquito isn't particularly beloved of the Lord. India needs . . . well, she needs pants.

NOW, let us take the pants idea farther south and east into those islands of perpetual steam heat, Ceylon and Java. I found that the men of Ceylon had just given up trying to look the part and were dressing exactly like the women. They wore plaid calico skirts and their hair was done in a Psyche knot with sweet little sidecombs. Their large, black military mustaches, I felt, were cultivated merely as a compromise with outraged nature. By contrast with India, anything is refreshingly cheerful, but I found that the Singhalese left much to be desired.

The Singhalese has a happy nature and a fairly vacant mind. He has one quality quite foreign to India—a sense of humor. But in spite of that he hasn't the slightest desire to know what it is all about.

They are worshipers of Buddha and spend a large amount of time and money at the Temple of the Tooth, so called because the right lower bicuspid of Buddha is treasured there under a gold dome weighing about eighty-six tons.

"But how do you know the tooth is there?" I reverently inquired of a native policeman.

"Ah, master! Thousands of pilgrims come here every year and rub gold dust on that dome. How could they do that unless it contained a sacred relic?" he asked.

So I went away from there, fully determined to carry my pants campaign into Ceylon in my next incarnation.

The pants-wearing Dutch of Java do all the thinking and efficiency work, just as the trousers-filling English do in Ceylon. The Dutch, who carry their good-housekeeping mania into the tropics, turkey-dust every palm tree, dry clean every jungle trail at their waking hour—four o'clock—every morning.

But to see a hard-working Hollander trying to boss a road job with a gang of Javanese standing asleep on their feet impresses me with the idea that the Dutch colonial would live longer if he got a shovel and did the work himself. The Javanese, who is a three-quarter size Malay, covers his legs with batik, which is a sort of Greenwich Village cloth painted with violets, humming birds and lilies of the valley.

When he served me at the hotel I came to the conclusion that he could take more time doing nothing than any native I had yet encountered.

When you order a bottle of soda he brings an assistant with him to open it. They both sit down, waiting for another pair of rosebud covered legs to come with a glass. But when he shows up he hasn't brought a glass. He has brought tea. If you don't want tea you hunt down the Number One Boy, who sadly informs you that the soda water is all out. But you've *got* soda water, you inform him. You want an opener. Presently another gang in batik arrives with another tray of tea. Go to Java and go crazy, says the philosopher.

IN China I found that there is still a little hope for the tinted races who live in the eastern addition of our little suburban planet.

The Chinese wear trousers. True, these garments are a trifle too silky and inclined to sag at the knees, but they carry his legs with an energy that suggests western enterprise. China has got a republic and is spending her time wishing she hadn't; but in Canton and Tientsin and Peking you'll find a tendency to work, quite violating the I. W. W. theory which so charms most of the Orient.

In Peking a rickshaw boy, who wore trousers and very little else, hauled me nine hours for seventy cents. I tried to tip him a dollar Mex. (fifty cents), but he said he feared I was making a mistake. I clutched blindly at a chair to save myself from fainting.

The Japanese are, by nature, pantless. But their revival of national energy has driven them to trousers with a truly Japanese ear-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Fog---the Curse of the Sea!

The luxurious, 40,000 ton "ocean greyhound" is creeping now, feeling its way through the gray curtain which enshrouds it. Once a minute its great siren sends a mournful "Whoo!" wailing into the awesome silence, while the captain, clad in streaming oilskins, peers and listens for an answer. Fog—mother of wrecks, the most dreaded peril of the sea, has the ship and a thousand lives in its clammy grip!

A. D. TURNBULL
P. & A. Photo

In next week's Liberty Archibald Douglas Turnbull, formerly a Commander in the United States Navy, tells the gripping story of fog—the tragedies it has caused, the efforts of sailors and science to bring ships safely through it. If you like stories of heroism, of man at grips with natural enemies, don't miss "Fog—the Cursé of the Sea!" in next week's Liberty.

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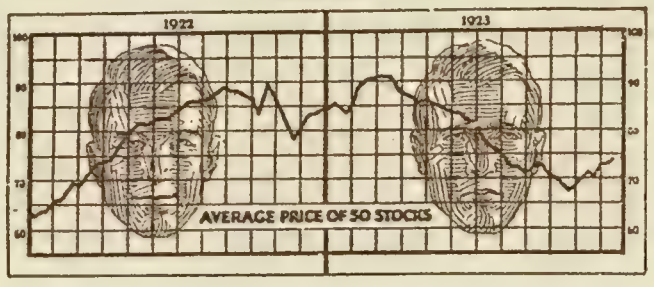

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

nestness. The tired but energetic commuters who ride by electric train from Yokohama to Tokio are clad in the native costume of New Jersey. The air is charged with ambition. Pants have arrived. Banzai! Or pantzai! Native tailors, luring foreign trade, display the sign, "Every Pant Here in Style."

The Japanese are almost fanatical pants pressers. At the Imperial Hotel—where they showed supernatural enterprise and charged me in advance for my meals—an earnest hallboy broke into my room and removed my trousers while I was bathing. After repeated supplications he brought back three pairs, immaculately pressed. None of them were mine. Did that matter?

"Thank you, no!" he hissed. "Respectable gentleman need too many pants."

Japan has the right idea; it may carry her yet to her desired world domination.

The Philippine Islands are an exception to my theory. The Filipino does wear 'em, but he spoils it all by a transparent embroidered lace dressing sacque effect which is called something that sounds like a *sinemai* coat. This undoubtedly nullifies the civilizing effect of his American trousers; for there is no doubt in my mind that the Filipino is about as capable of self-government as the mud turtle is of winning the marathon classic.

And how my theoretical soul stood up and shouted in the Fiji Islands when I came upon a race of people who merely tie bundles of hay around their waists and call it a day. Decorously pantless, the Fijian scorns work as the Moslem scorns pork. His energies are devoted to war dancing, which he will do all day and all night; for this he makes no charge, not because he doesn't love money, but because he's too lazy to collect the fee.

Fijian chieftains wear ladies' white petticoats and devote their time to lectures on the lost glories of their tribe. Here is a region where inefficiency has attained such a peak that the English rulers must employ Hindus to do the work! It's a joke, but it's so.

AS we were plowing the blue Pacific, our nose pointed toward the kollege kut realm of Yankee restlessness, I broached my theory to a fellow passenger who, up to then, had been a sympathetic listener.

"Pants!" I cried. "Pants for the heathen, pants for a panting world! Rome fell. Why? No pants. Greece vanished. No pants. Show me a people who have won their way upward and held it, and you'll show me a race of pants wearers. Where is the race that can mount the heights, hobbled with skirts, diapered with roller towels? There are none such. There are no exceptions."

My companion, who was raw boned and inclined to freckle, stood gloomy for a while.

"What'll ye be doin' with the Scotch?" he asked finally.

Then I remembered. His name was Macdougall. I'd put my foot in the wrong leg that time.

THE END

BRIGHT SAYINGS of CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

My, But She Was Dignified!

Miss Betty, not yet four, was left in charge of the maid one day recently while mother went shopping. As the time of mother's return approached, the young lady was sent to the bathroom to wash her hands and face so as to be presentable when the parent arrived. Before long wails of grief and anger arose from the bathroom and the maid rushed to the rescue. She found Betty with face covered with a good, rich lather of suds and, of course, her eyes had slipped open enough to get a liberal supply of the soap. She was busily engaged with the towel wiping at her eyes and indulging in childhood's panacea for all pain and grief and anger. The maid took a hand and tried to comfort and relieve the situation but was almost immediately driven out by the principal performer suddenly ceasing her cries and with dignity and force, demanding: "Will you kindly go 'way and let me fight this out myself?"—B. M. L., Minneapolis, Minn.

That's a Fair Idea

The grandfather of a little girl of about eight years was fond of telling her Bible stories. One day it happened to be the story of Noah and the flood. He told her carefully of how the waters abated and Noah sent out a dove and then another and then another; how finally the third one came back with the olive branch so that Noah knew that land had appeared. At the close the child said: "But, grandfather, why didn't Noah send out a parrot? It could have come back and told him."—Mrs. E. J. F. M., Wilkinsburg, Pa.

* * *

That's Quite a Puzzle

One day a little first grade girl came up to my desk and announced that it was her birthday. It happened to be my birthday also and I told her so. The little one looked quite perplexed and then she said: "How does it happen you're so much bigger'n me?"—R. D. Van H., Denver, Colo.

$500 FOR LAST LINES TO LIMERICKS—See Page 55

What I Think of AMERICAN MEN

By REBECCA WEST

FOREIGN Celebrities Have Been Praising American Women to the Skies, but Here Comes a Famous English Woman Novelist Who Hands a Few Bouquets to the Meek and Lowly American Men

Pictures by
GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

LARGELY through her association with H. G. Wells, one of the most prominent men in English letters today, Rebecca West has attained an unusual prominence in British literary circles. Her literary work has won distinction for her, but long before this she was well known in the English world of letters as the charming protégé of the famous novelist and historian.

She was born December 25, 1892, and received her college education at George Watson's Ladies' College, Edinburgh. At the age of nineteen she joined the staff of the Freewoman as reviewer. In 1912 she joined The Clarion staff as political writer. Since then she has been contributing to magazines in England and America.

In addition Miss West has written several novels, the latest of which, The Judge, has been acclaimed by critics as one of the best works of fiction in years.

Her keen powers of observation, trained by Wells, and her ability to turn out sparkling epigrams conveying the results of her observations, should make her article of unusual interest to our readers.

An opportunity for developing the virtues of humility at the feet of one suffering from delusions of grandeur.

I WAS homesick to get back from America to England. And now that I am in England I want to go back to America. This is largely due to the lack of ice water and American men.

Nowadays, when I am given warm water in a restaurant, I protest that I want to drink, not to brush my teeth. I have become accustomed in your country to water that is really cold, that really refreshes.

Nowadays, also, when I am given the chance of companionship with an Englishman, I protest that I want companionship, not an opportunity for developing the virtues of humility and gratitude at the feet of one suffering from what doctors call "delusions of grandeur."

I have become accustomed in your country to the companionship of men who regard women as their equals, who do not oscillate between patronage and hostility; who are, therefore, pleasant and restful friends. Believe me, in this respect you in America have it all over us in England.

There are, of course, points in which Englishmen surpass American men. There is the not unimportant matter of looks. I am amazed, now that I am in England, by the number of men one sees who strike one as handsome.

The proportion is much larger than it is in any part of the United States I visited except the West and Texas. I have to admit that in one day I spent in a Texas oil town (Dallas) I saw more good-looking men and women than I had seen in the whole of the previous five years put together. But if one balances the urban populations, puts London against New York, the verdict must be in favor of England.

This is partly due to the fact that far fewer English people of both sexes wear spectacles. I learn that America is second only to Germany in the buying of spectacles, and a great pity it is. The most charming face in the world when decorated with horn-rimmed spectacles looks as if its owner had more than a little owl blood in him.

One wonders why Americans should have such bad sight and remembers that the Germans' weakness of vision has been ascribed to the fussy, difficult outlines of the old-fashioned German lettering. It may well be that the Americans' defect is due to the perniciously small type used by your newspapers. No other country in the world has such large and such closely printed newspapers, and I can imagine that a man who habitually tried to keep up with the world's affairs when he was commuting to and from his office would presently spoil his eyesight.

But the real reason that Englishmen are better looking than American men lies in something that is not material at all.

England went through her period of expansion, corresponding to the period through which America is passing now, quite a long time ago; in the days of Queen Elizabeth, four hundred years ago. During most of the intervening time she has been the most successful nation in the world—in finance, in commerce, in war by land, in war by sea. Therefore she has learned the value of success, which is not a final value.

She has come to the opinion that it is more important to be yourself than to be successful. She has learned that it shall profit a man but little if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul.

The supremely important thing is that every man, before he dies, should have developed all the gifts he was born with to the fullest pos-

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sible extent, so that he can get as full a vision of reality as possible. That belief, and not lack of energy, is the reason why English business men like to retire earlier than their American prototypes; they want to learn from other sides of life as well as from the office.

Moreover, centuries of success have taught England something else. They have taught it complete skepticism as to the types of human beings who are best fitted to contribute to a nation's success.

England owed the preservation of her mastery over the seas to a sickly little neurotic named Nelson, whom stern eugenists would certainly have sentenced to death if they had been allowed to pass judgment on him in infancy. Many healthy men of good mental and moral makeup, who did their duty every day in every way, have contributed not one-millionth part as much to the success of their country.

Now, these two findings enormously enhance the Englishman's pride in his own individuality. He does not mind if he does not look like a type that is identified with success: firstly, because he does not regard success as the final value of life; secondly, because he does not believe there are any types which are specially identified with success.

He may obey a strict sartorial code, and be careful to wear just the same hat and suit and tie as tens or hundreds of thousands of other Englishmen, but he wears his own expression and he carries himself as he likes. Therefore he always looks natural and therefore he gives what he has of good looks a chance.

This is not the case with Americans. The United States is passing through a period when it is vitally necessary that her citizens should be as successful as they can be. Therefore Americans believe in success; they also believe that there are certain types which are identified with success, partly because their successes have been along such definite and well worn lines that certain identical types have naturally reappeared again and again to deal with identical conditions, and partly because they have not yet had time to realize the large numbers of exceptions to this rule.

And it did seem to me that American men were constantly spoiling their perfectly good faces by trying to force them into resemblances to these successful types. Frequently I have looked suspiciously at an American man and discovered that what was wrong with him was that he was wearing someone else's expression. He wasn't looking the sort of human being he happened to be. He was trying to look like the photograph in a business magazine of some man who had risen from selling newspapers to being a bank president.

He was pushing his chin out, though it was probably the kind that naturally stays in; he settled his head down between his shoulders so as to look as if he had the bull neck that goes with a battering ram temperament, though the only sort of animal he really resembled was the gentle gazelle; he pursed his lips together as if he spent every minute of the day making momentous decisions such as we actually do not have to make more than a few times in a lifetime. He was, there, quite unpleasing to the eye, for it is as impossible to be really good looking when you are disguised in some one else's expression as it is when you are disguised in a false beard.

UNDOUBTEDLY it is this lack of confidence in his own individuality which makes the American man inferior in looks to the American woman, and also in intellectual interest. His determination not to be the human being he was born, but to squeeze himself into the standardized strong-man type, prevents him from using his own experience and forming judgments on it with the fearlessness one expects from him.

The stranger notices this particularly when he or she is trying to find out the truth about prohibition. If one asks an American business man what he thinks of the situation he is terribly apt (even if he is holding a glass in his hand at the moment) to begin:

"Make no mistake, prohibition is a success; it has prevented people from drinking," and start off on some tiresome piece of bunk which is not in the least the product of his own very considerable shrewdness and intelligence but which it has been suggested to him is the proper opinion for his chosen type to hold.

"It did seem to me that American men were constantly spoiling their perfectly good faces by trying to force them into resemblances to successful types."

But American women ought to be very thankful for the American man. For in his human relations, in his attitude toward women, he is unsurpassed.

He has, to begin with, much better manners than the Englishman. I burn with indignation now when, at parties in London, I see men guests allowing women to go home unaccompanied even, as is the case if there is no telephone in the house, when this involves their going out into the streets to hunt for taxis or walking to the nearest subway station.

I remember wistfully how, when I was traveling on the railways in America, men who noticed that I was a foreigner in a strange land used to take entire charge of me for the journey. There is little to correspond with that kindly, protective instinct in the Englishman's makeup. If I am asked whether, as a feminist, I ought to approve of women being taken care of in this way, I answer firmly that I do. Men give us such a lot of trouble in all the big things in life that the least they can do is to save us trouble in the little things.

This difference in manners springs, like the difference in looks, from a profound psychological difference. An Englishman, whatever he may be himself, however poorly endowed in qualities and achievements, takes everything a woman is or does for granted.

He conceives woman as a kind of performing animal in a circus, whose duty it is to jump through paper hoops, and he conceives it as his duty to hold the hoops as high as possible. She does not deserve any praise for getting through them, however high they may be. It is her job in life.

Now the American man is under no such delusion. He knows that if a woman jumps through her hoop gracefully and at a height, she deserves praise for it; and he knows, also, that he is under just as much obligation to justify his existence by performing feats as she is, so he puts himself out to be charming and entertaining.

If an Englishman takes out a woman for dinner and a dance he preserves an immobile attitude, however delightful she may be. She jolly well ought to be, if *he* takes her out. He may decide to acquire her for good in the marriage state, but that will not affect his fundamental attitude. But the American will feel so grateful for her delightfulness that he will go out the next morning and send her flowers, even if he feels completely detached from her so far as his deeper feelings are concerned. It is the prettier attitude.

I had recently two conversations on the same subject with an Englishman and an American which aptly illustrate the difference in their points of view.

Both were talking of their families. Each mentioned that he had an only daughter. Of each I asked, "Is she pretty?" The Englishman, who was very ugly, answered with shame, "No, I'm afraid not."

The American, who also was very ugly, answered with regret, "No, she's very homely. The poor girl takes after me."

Both were the ugly fathers of ugly daughters, but the Englishman saw himself only as the father of an ugly daughter. He was applying to a woman a standard he did not apply to himself; and he was applying it with a touch of censoriousness. That is characteristic.

Ice water and American men—these are the things that are drawing me slowly but surely back to Southampton, back to New York harbor.

THE END

TWENTY YEARS on BROADWAY

And the Years It Took to Get There

THE Life Story of the Miracle Man of the Stage—Written by Himself

By GEORGE M. COHAN

Picture by ARTHUR LITLE

START this anywhere. It's not a fiction serial with a plot, but a true record of a genius by a genius. Each installment is packed with laughs and human interest. Jump on board the Cohan Express right here! In the previous installment Mr. Cohan told of the triumph of The Four Cohans at Hyde & Behman's Vaudeville Theater in Brooklyn. It was then that he became the business representative and managing director of the family. In this installment he resumes his wonderfully entertaining narrative.

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XXIII.

GETTING TALKED ABOUT

"JIM" HYDE was owner and manager of a famous traveling organization known as Hyde's Comedians—a combination of vaudeville acts selected each year from the Hyde and Behman bills.

On seeing our performance during the return engagement week, he immediately grabbed us for his company.

"I'll give you the same salary you're getting now," he said. He knew we'd already been offered twice that figure.

"I'll take it, Mr. Hyde," and we shook hands, which was the only contract necessary. A theatrical man's word was not only his bond, but his greatest asset in those days.

The acceptance of this engagement seemed to my folks to be an unbusinesslike move, but I convinced them that a season with this attraction meant more to us than money.

In the company that season (1896) were a number of headline acts, such as Helena Mora, Johnny Wild, McIntyre and Heath, Conroy and Fox, The Newsboys' Quintette, which included Gus Edwards (who at that time was a ten-year-old boy soprano), Thorne and Carlton, and several others. We toured with this show for about twenty-five weeks, and when we left (which was because of an argument I'd had with Hyde concerning the way we were billed) we were immediately booked for a six weeks' engagement in California. This "time" was to be divided between Frisco and Los Angeles. These two houses were the only Orpheum theaters in existence at that time. Since then, however, the Orpheum Circuit, as it is known today, covers all the principal cities of the West, from Chicago to the Pacific Coast.

"Why shouldn't he have a swelled head?" I overheard a fellow in the connecting dressing room say to a performer who'd been roasting me about being "chesty."

Before leaving New York for this engagement, I planted a song for publication, which blossomed into the biggest hit I'd had up to that time. It was a coon march number called the Warmest Baby in the Bunch. Ragtime marches came thick and fast from that time on.

ON the way to Frisco I said to Dad, "I'd like to try a couple of new acts during this California trip."

He looked at me in surprise; so did Mother and Josie. Up to now Dad had contributed all the material used by the family and although I'd kept up my sketch writing and continued to supply others with one act skits, until then I had never had the courage to suggest doing the Cohan acts.

"What do you mean, a couple of new acts?" Dad inquired.

"Read these and let me know what you think of 'em," I said, as I pulled the manuscripts from my suitcase and handed them over. I'd written them while with the Hyde show.

The Professor's Wife and Money to Burn were the titles of these two skits, and after the first reading Dad not only resigned as the family author but suggested that "we waste no further time on the old stuff" but get into rehearsals on the train and open with The Professor's Wife. By the time we arrived in Los Angeles we had the act down dead letter perfect.

It was a screaming hit and made The Four Cohans California favorites overnight, so to speak.

We followed it up with the second skit, Money to Burn, the last week of the engagement, and this act (which, by the way, was a

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fifty-five minute entertainment) turned out to be one of the biggest hits vaudeville had ever known.

After playing an extra week in Frisco we left there with flying colors and hurried back to New York for our first appearance at Tony Pastor's Theater.

We opened there, and on the bill were such favorites as Favor and Sinclair, Williams and Walker, O'Brien and Havel, Clifford and Huth, Wood and Shepard, and two or three other big headliners for the opening program of the season.

We went on at the Monday matinée at 4:30 and when we left the stage after our final call it was exactly 5:40 by the first entrance clock, an hour and ten minutes to the second. Money to Burn was a "panic"—at least that's the way the variety actors described the thing.

"Pull your trunks in this theatre any week you happen to have open," said Pastor, after the matinée. All sorts of propositions flew from every direction. The agents crowded their way into the dressing room, offering unheard-of inducements for the right to our exclusive bookings. I could hardly wait to get to Union Square and hear what the "gang" had to say.

George M. Cohan as The Governor's Son (1901) at left, and in Running for Office (1903).

ACTORS are no different from any other class of people. They're always with a winner; consequently it was a hand-shaking, back-slapping contest from that time on. I was the center of attraction in variety circles, the original "Here he comes now" kid.

And, Oh, boy! how I used to eat it up. If some performer or other failed, as I thought, to "make a fuss over me" he was out of my life forever. I was the "spotlight" attraction. The center of the stage or nothing at all.

"Why shouldn't he have a swelled head?" I overheard a fellow in the connecting dressing room say to a performer who'd been roasting me about being "chesty." "Look what he's done," went on my defender. "Written song hits, sketch hits, and now he comes along and knocks 'em cold as an eccentric dancer and low comedian."

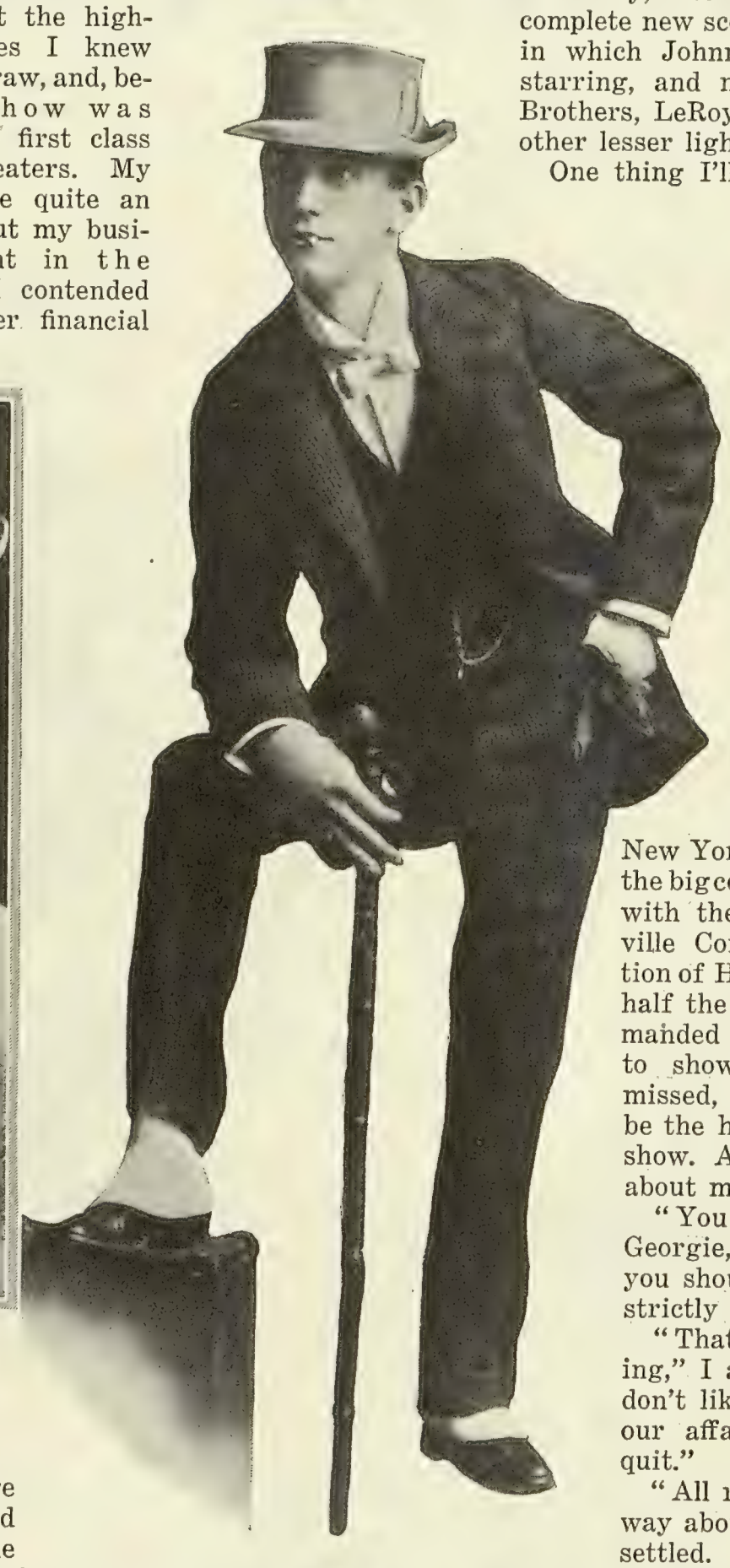
"Yes, that's so, too. I never thought of that," agreed my prosecutor. He was evidently convinced. So was I, and from that minute on my set speech was, "Look what I've done—written song hits, sketch hits, and now I come along and knock 'em cold as an eccentric dancing comedian. Give me a little credit, will you?"

To this day I meet old-timers who say, "Gee! I used to hate you when you were a boy. You were the meanest kid that ever lived."

"But I was a clever kid, didn't you think so?" I always ask.

"Sure, you were clever," they come back. "If you hadn't been, you'd have been choked to death."

During the week at Pastor's we were offered fancy engagements right and left, but I tossed them all aside and signed with Weber and Fields for the Vesta Tilley All-Star Vaudeville Company at about one-third the salary we could have received from any other management. My reason for this move was to get a shot at the high-class audiences I knew Tilley would draw, and, besides, the show was booked in the first class legitimate theaters. My folks gave me quite an argument about my business judgment in the matter, but I contended that whatever financial sacrifice we were making would turn into a fine investment for the future. I proved my case completely. By the end of the season (1897) we were conceded to be the biggest "four act" in America.



The Vesta Tilley show included Charles T. Aldrich, Lew Dockstader, The Musical Johnstons, Valmore, The Lamont Family, Reno and Richards, The Four Cohans, and Tilley herself. It was the greatest variety combination ever organized in this or any other country and created a new standard of vaudeville.

Amy Leslie, the famous Chicago dramatic critic, called it the "greatest all-star aggregation on earth."

WHILE with the Tilley show I sent in for publication a coon song called I Guess I'll Have to Telegraph My Baby, which swept the country and started the coon song craze (which the publishers claimed was a dead issue) all over again.

I also wrote and presented to Filson and Errol, as a token of our esteem and gratitude for having engineered our first appearance at Hyde and Behman's, a one-act play called A Tip on the Derby, which eventually became a vaudeville classic.

During that same season I also wrote and produced The Wise Guy for Hayes and Lytton, which I afterward elaborated into a three-act farce comedy, also a brand new version and complete new score for The Hot Old Time, in which Johnny and Emma Ray were starring, and new acts for the Russell Brothers, LeRoy and Clayton, and several other lesser lights.

One thing I'll say for myself as a kid author, I never "rested on my laurels." No, sir, it was night and day with me, pencils in every pocket and always on the job.

At the end of the Vesta Tilley season we again jumped to California for a return Orpheum engagement, and presented another new skit, entitled Running for Office, which not only topped Money to Burn, but brought us offers of a thousand dollars a week, a salary unheard of in those days for an American act. On our return to New York I again turned down all the big contracts offered and signed with the Harry Williams Vaudeville Company, a rival organization of Hyde's Comedians, at about half the salary we could have demanded anywhere else. I wanted to show Jim Hyde what he'd missed, and, besides, we were to be the headliners of the Williams show. Again my folks complained about my business judgment.

"You shouldn't be vindictive, Georgie," said Dad. "We all think you should look at things from a strictly business standpoint."

"That's exactly what I'm doing," I argued, "and if you folks don't like the way I'm managing our affairs just say so and I'll quit."

"All right, Son, have your own way about it." And the thing was settled.

When the Williams show opened in Chicago in September, 1898, I made a stiff kick to the management about the lettering on the three-sheet posters.

"The Four Cohans should be in at least twice as big type as any other act on the bill," I asserted, and I made sure that every member of the company heard me, too.

"It's about time you guys got on to the fact that we're the biggest attraction in the show business."

This speech didn't make any particular hit with the performers, but it evidently impressed the management, because the posters were changed to suit my ideas immediately.

"Georgie, I wish you wouldn't brag so much about the act," Josie said to me one day in a very kindly way. "You've got everybody talking about the way you carry on."

"Well, that's the idea. I want to keep them talking," I shot back.

"But they're not saying very nice things

about you, Georgie," she confided. This handed me a laugh, and I came back with: "Listen, Sis, between you and me I don't care what they say about me, so long as they keep mentioning my name."

"I know, but don't you consider friendship at all?" she argued.

"I'm considering nothing but showmanship right now, Sis."

And that night I made another kick about the newspaper advertisements.

"Get the name bigger, get the name bigger," I demanded. The correction was made right away.

Oh, I was a cute little guy. If you don't believe me ask any of the old-time variety managers.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NAME IN ELECTRIC LIGHTS

WHILE with the Harry Williams show (1898-99) I wrote another one-act play for the family, called The Governor's Son. This skit I afterward made over into a three-act musical comedy and it served as the first starring vehicle for The Four Cohans.

B. F. KEITH

I didn't produce the one-act version until a year later, however, as I wanted to take the first shot at it before a San Francisco audience, so waited until we were playing our third Orpheum engagement during the summer of 1900.

The Hyde Show wanted us again for the season of 1899-1900, but I sent word to Mr. Hyde that he hadn't money enough to hire us. Lou Behman sent for me and tried to patch matters up, as the Hyde and Behman offices were bent on having the act.

"Would you play under a personal contract with me?" he asked.

"Not with the Hyde Show," I replied.

"Then how about organizing the Behman Show?" he suggested.

After tossing the idea around in my mind for several seconds I said, "I'll tell you what we'll do, Mr. Behman. We'll sign with you personally for a vaudeville tour if you'll agree to produce a musical comedy of mine and star the family the following season."

"That's a bet," answered Behman, and the deal was closed. A nominal salary and partnership arrangement.

The Behman Show, which was actually born out of an argument I'd had with Jim Hyde, turned out to be the most popular vaudeville combination touring the country for the following sixty-odd weeks.

It was during this period that the Broadway managers first started to "flirt" with me for stage material. Klaw and Erlanger offered me a contract to do the first Rogers Brothers show. I told them I'd rather not tackle the job.

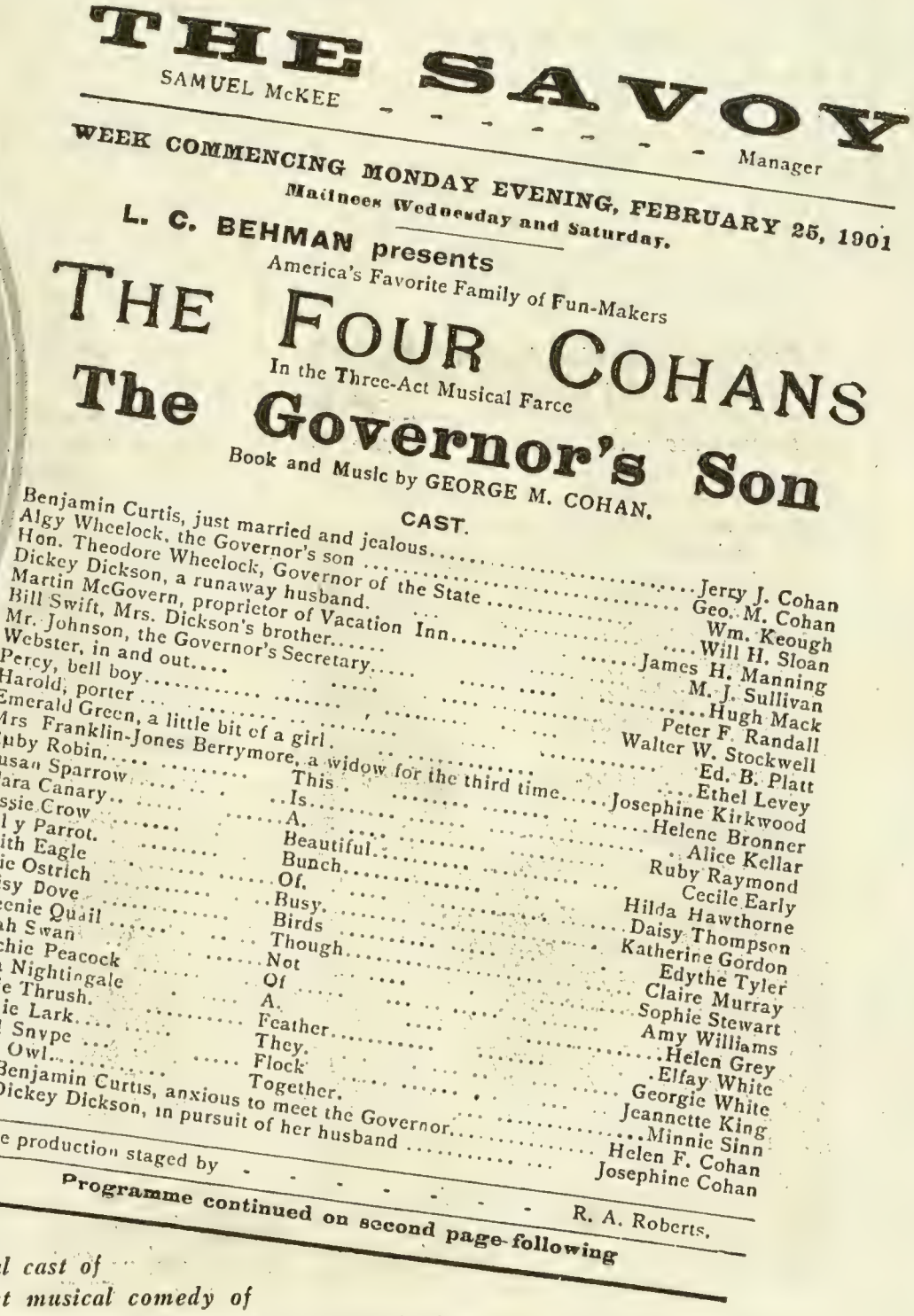
Weber and Fields sent for me to do burlesques for their Music Hall Company. I turned down the proposition, explaining to them that I didn't know enough about the burlesque game.

Oscar Hammerstein wanted me to collaborate with him on a musical play for the new Victoria Theater.

"You do the book and I'll compose the music," said Hammerstein.

"I always compose my own music," I replied.

"Your own music, eh? That's what you call it, eh? Well, it's your own as far as I'm concerned; I don't want it," and he laughed me out of his office.



THE SAVOY

SAMUEL McKEE - - - - - - - Manager

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 25, 1901

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

L. C. BEHMAN presents

America's Favorite Family of Fun-Makers

THE FOUR COHANS

In the Three-Act Musical Farce

The Governor's Son

Book and Music by GEORGE M. COHAN.

CAST.

Benjamin Curtis, just married and jealous.....Jerry J. Cohan
Algy Wheelock, the Governor's son.....Geo. M. Cohan
Hon. Theodore Wheelock, Governor of the State.....Wm. Keough
Dickey Dickson, a runaway husband.....Will H. Sloan
Martin McGovern, proprietor of Vacation Inn.....James H. Manning
Bill Swift, Mrs. Dickson's brother.....M. J. Sullivan
Mr. Johnson, the Governor's Secretary.....Hugh Mack
Webster, in and out.....Peter F. Randall
Percy, bell boy.....Walter W. Stockwell
Harold, porter.....Ed. B. Platt
Emerald Green, a little bit of a girl.....Ethel Levey
Mrs Franklin-Jones Berrymore, a widow for the third time.....Josephine Kirkwood
Ruby Robin.....Helene Bronner
Susan Sparrow.....Alice Kellar
Clara Canary.....Ruby Raymond
Cissie Crow.....Cecile Early
Poly Parrot.....Hilda Hawthorne
Edith Eagle.....Daisy Thompson
Ollie Ostrich.....Katherine Gordon
Daisy Dove.....Edythe Tyler
Queenie Quail.....Claire Murray
Sarah Swan.....Sophie Stewart
Peachie Peacock.....Amy Williams
Nina Nightingale.....Helen Grey
Onnie Thrush.....Elfay White
Minnie Lark.....Georgie White
Maud Snype.....Jeannette King
Lottie Owl.....Minnie Sinn
Mrs. Benjamin Curtis, anxious to meet the Governor.....Helen F. Cohan
Mrs. Dickey Dickson, in pursuit of her husband.....Josephine Cohan

The production staged by - - - - - - - - R. A. Roberts.

Programme continued on second page following

Original cast of the first musical comedy of The Four Cohans, called The Governor's Son.

Roland Reed asked me to write an American comedy for his personal use. I said I'd rather wait a few years.

I WAS getting many a bite, but had no desire to land the big fish—not that I was afraid of falling down, exactly. As a matter of fact, I was thoroughly confident that I could have filled all of these orders to the perfect satisfaction of the public and everybody else concerned, but I was a wise enough kid to realize that I wasn't ready to do such important work as well as I felt it could be done with a little more experience.

"I don't want to write for these other fellows, anyway," I said to Dad one day. "If this musical comedy of ours is a hit I won't need them. I'll write my plays and manage them myself."

"That's a pretty big undertaking, Son," said Dad.

"No, it's a cinch," I assured him. "Wait till you see."

The Behman Show closed, and we went directly into rehearsals with the three-act musical play. I was marking time. Waiting for the big event.

It finally came. February 11, 1901—that was the date. Hartford, Conn., the opening stand. The lithographed posters read:

—THE FOUR COHANS—

And Their Company of Comedians in
George M. Cohan's American Musical Comedy,
THE GOVERNOR'S SON

It seemed to me that the whole of the show business had been transplanted to Hartford for the première. New York managers, road managers, booking agents, playwrights, music publishers, dramatic critics, vaudeville stars, and people from every branch of the theater world shook hands with me in the hotel lobby.

Late in the afternoon, after rehearsal, I slipped off alone to the outskirts of the town to get a breath of air and think things over. After four weeks of rehearsals and the usual over-anxiety and confinement connected with the preparations for a musical comedy I was just about down to "whisper weight" and so nervous and excited over the opening I was on the verge of caving in. I thought to myself as I walked along:

"Well, there it is, boys. I wrote it, composed it, staged it, and produced it (I was Behman's partner in the production), and tonight I'm going to play it. If it's a hit, give me credit, boys; if it flops, blame me and me alone."

I stopped and proudly gazed at one of the big twenty-four sheet posters plastered on a billboard. I smiled, walked on, and continued my self-complimentary remarks.

"Well, it's been some struggle," I muttered. "It certainly took me a long time to make it." (I was twenty-two.)

I LOOKED at my watch; it was five-thirty. In less than three hours they'd ring in the overture; inside of four hours the first act curtain would be down.

Within six hours the performance would be over and the verdict in. This all flashed through my mind as I counted the minutes on the way back to the hotel.

I dined with Mother, Dad, and Josie in my parents' room. We wanted to dodge the New York delegation in the hotel café. Very little food and even less conversation. We were too frightened to eat or talk. Our first real opening night! Our initial appearance as stars of a big musical show! We sat there looking at one another, wondering what minute we'd wake up and find ourselves back in the dime museums.

Between seven-thirty and eight o'clock the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONT'D FROM PAGE 29]

entire city of New York walked in and out of my dressing room. (At least it seemed that way to me.)

"Good luck, kid!"

"Stand them on their heads, Georgie!"

"Teach 'em how, young fellow, teach 'em how!"

Hand-shakes, back-slaps, good wishes, and "God bless you's" all over the place.

"Ring in the overture." I heard the call.

"Everybody downstairs, please!" the stage manager shouted.

I pushed through the dressing room crowd and rushed to the stage, where the company had gathered for final instructions.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I began, as they grouped about me, all dressed and ready for the first act, "don't wait for laughs. Side-step encores. Crash right through this show tonight. Speed! Speed! And lots of it—that's my idea of the thing. Perpetual motion. Laugh your heads off; have a good time. Keep happy! Remember now—happy, happy, happy! Do you all understand?"

"Yes, sir," answered fifty voices in unison.

"And don't forget the secret of it all," I added. "Speed! A whole lot of speed!"

A roll of the drums, a pistol shot. Bang! And the overture was on. I ran back to the dressing room (now deserted), slammed the door closed, leaned against the make-up shelf, and burst into tears.

The Governor's Son proved to be a very popular road show. Even Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago welcomed the little play with open arms. But New York—that's another story.

The Sunday before our opening at the old Savoy Theater in Thirty-fourth Street the clerk at the Sturtevant Hotel said to me as I registered that morning:

"Guess you won't be able to open tomorrow night, will you?"

"Certainly we will open tomorrow night; what's the idea?" I thought he was "stringing."

"Don't you folks belong to the White Rats Association?" he inquired.

"What's that got to do with it?" I was half wise now.

"Well, they're going to 'strike' tomor-

Verses That Everybody Used to Hum

IN HIS late 'teens and early twenties, George M. Cohan was a literary volcano in constant eruption. Plays, songs, sketches, and poems rushed from his pen. Some of these poems attained a wide popularity, as in the case of the following verses, written when he was only twenty-one:

MYSELF AND ME.

I'm the best pal that I ever had;
I like to be with me,
I like to sit and tell myself
Things confidentially.

I often sit and ask me
If I shouldn't or I should,
And I find that my advice to me
Is always pretty good.

I never got acquainted with
Myself till here of late,
And I find myself a bully chum—
I treat me simply great.

I talk with me and walk with me,
And show me right and wrong;
I never knew how well myself
And I could get along.

I never try to cheat me;
I'm as truthful as can be,
No matter what may come or go,
I'm on the square with me.

It's great to know yourself and have
A pal that's all your own,
To be such company for yourself—
You're never left alone.

You'll try to dodge the masses
And you'll find the crowds a joke,
If you only treat yourself as well
As you treat other folk.

I've made a study of myself,
Compared me with a lot,
And I've finally concluded
I'm the best friend I've got.

Just get together with yourself
And trust yourself with you,
And you'll be surprised how well yourself
Will like you if you do.

HERE'S one of the best songs which Cohan wrote—also when he was about twenty-one. It shows how hard this young man, sometimes called "just a comedian," was thinking about life.

LIFE'S A FUNNY PROPOSITION.

Did you ever sit and ponder,
Sit and wonder, sit and think
Why we're here and what this life is all about?
It's a problem that has driven many brainy men to drink.
It's the weirdest thing they've tried to figure out.
About a thousand theories the scientists can show,
But never yet have proved a reason why.
With all we've thought and all we're taught,
Why, all we seem to know
Is we're born,
And live a while,
And then we die.
Life's a very funny proposition, after all.

Three meals a day,
A whole lot to say.
When you haven't got the coin
You're always in the way.
Everybody's fighting as we wend our way along;
Every fellow claims the other fellow's in the wrong.
Hurried and worried until we're buried,
And there's no curtain call.
Life's a very funny proposition, after all.

When all things are coming easy
And when luck is with a man,
Why then life to him is sunshine everywhere.
Then the Fates blow rather breezy and they quite upset a plan,
And he'll cry that life's a burden hard to bear.
Though today may be a day of smile,
Tomorrow's still in doubt.
What brings me joy may bring you care and woe.
We're born to die, but we don't know why
Or what it's all about,
And the more we try to learn the less we know.
Life's a very funny proposition, you can bet,
And no one's ever solved the problem properly as yet.

JERRY, HELEN, JOSEPHINE, GEORGE M.

THE FOUR COHANS

Presenting Geo. M. Cohan's Greatest Success

"Running for Office."

Comedies.

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MONEY TO BURN,
A NATIONAL GAME,
A WISE GUY,
A TIP ON THE DERBY,
A GAME OF GOLF,
HIS WIFE'S HERO,
THE CHARITABLE MRS. JONES,
And Second Edition of
The Rays, A HOT OLD TIME.
All Written by GEO. M. COHAN.

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HOT TAMALE ALLEY,
MY POLLY'S A PEACH,
VENUS, MY SHINING LOVE,
HE ONLY DID IT ONCE,
HUGH McCUE, YOU MIC YOU,
THE SONGS THAT MAGGIE SINGS,
WHAT COULD THE POOR GIRL DO?
And one hundred others, including the New Coon Hit,
I Guess I'll Have to Telegraph My Baby.
Written and Composed by GEO. M. COHAN.

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Advertisement in The Dramatic Mirror featuring The Four Cohans in their musical farce, Running for Office.

row. They claim they're going to close up every show that any one of their members is in."

"Oh, that only affects the vaudeville houses," I explained. "We're in musical comedy now."

"No, they're going to close you up, too. I heard them talking about it here in the office last night."

When he said this I hurriedly unfolded a Sunday paper I had under my arm, and, sure enough, on the front page of the news section, the first thing my eyes lit on was a two-column headline reading: "All White Rats on Strike Tomorrow."

The White Rats was a society of vaudeville actors founded by George Fuller Golden. It had been formed to oppose a group of managers who had organized themselves into a body known as the Vaudeville Managers' Protective Association.

I TRIED to get in touch with George Golden, who was the White Rats president, but he was not to be disturbed.. He had presided at an all night session of the Rat council and had left orders at his hotel not to ring his telephone until noon. I looked at my watch; it was only 9:30.

"No use in looking around for actors at this hour," I muttered to myself. "They're all asleep."

I had called an eleven o'clock rehearsal at the Savoy, so went directly there to wait for the members of the company to arrive. As I walked in at the stage door, the old watchman asked, "Are you Mr. Cohan?" I told him I was.

"Go right out to the front office; Hyde and Behman's Theater has been trying to get you on the telephone."

I ran through the auditorium, and a fellow sweeping the front lobby directed me to the box office phone.

"Hello, is that you, Georgie?" It was Lou Behman's voice.

"Yes, Mr. Behman. How are you?"

"What are you folks going to do about this White Rat proposition?"

"Don't know a thing about it."

"Well, I'll tell you one thing I know about it!" he shouted. "If you or any other members of that company walk out tomorrow night you'll stay out for good and all."

"Well, now, wait a second, don't get excited. Let me tell you where I stand, will you?"

"I've already told you where you stand; we'll let it go at that," and he must have hung up the receiver, because the connection was gone. "I'm in a pretty pickle," I thought to myself.

Every member of my company was a White Rat. I ran back stage and met Hughey Mack, who had just walked in the back door. Mack was one of the Olympia quartet, the members of which played four important parts in the play.

"I want to see you a minute, Hughey," I said.

"I want to see you, too. I missed you at the hotel," he explained. "I just came from there." We got over in a corner and discussed the matter.

"We'll have to walk out if we're called," he declared, after making me understand that he was speaking for the entire company, with the exception of the Cohans.

"But you can't walk out on one of your own members," I protested. "I'm part owner of this show."

"I know, but Lou Behman is a vaudeville manager and we've got to prove our strength."

Josephine Cohan as she looked in 1900.

George M. Cohan as Little Johnny Jones (1900).

"Do you want me to lose everything I've worked for all my life?" I had already told him of Behman's ultimatum over the phone.

"I'm sorry, kid," he said, "but that's the way it's got to be."

After rehearsal that morning I ran into Dave Montgomery, who was vice president of the Rats.

"Are they going to close up Weber and Fields' Music Hall?" I inquired.

No; that's not a vaudeville house," said Dave.

"Neither is the Savoy Theater," I protested.

"But Hyde and Behman are vaudeville managers," he argued.

"So are Weber and Fields."

"But they're members of the Rats."

"So are The Four Cohans," I shot back.

"Well, maybe we can fix it up some way. At any rate, don't start worrying until you have to. We'll send word and tell you exactly what to do tomorrow night."

Later in the day I found George Golden and put it up to him.

"What are you going to do with us, George?" I asked.

"Won't know definitely till tomorrow's meeting," he answered. "In the meantime stand ready to walk out if you're called."

I TROTTED around town like a madman. All our hopes, all our work, everything we'd struggled for, and built up, was about to be toppled over and destroyed on the eve of our first real New York opening.

It was exactly five minutes of eight Monday night before we were officially notified that, owing to the fact that George M. Cohan was a partner in the show, The Governor's Son Company, the White Rats council had decided, was exempt.

It was the toughest experience I'd ever been through, and I was a mental wreck when the curtain rose on the opening act.

The performance that night was, as I've always maintained, the worst we ever gave. The nervous strain we'd been under for the previous thirty-six hours told its own story in the lack of spirit and dash which were the real essentials of The Governor's Son. To top this off, I sprained my ankle in the opening number and had to limp through the balance of the play.

"Back to the woods where you belong." That was the general verdict of the New York critics. Broadway had turned thumbs down, and so, after six weeks of meager business, we packed up our belongings and returned to the road, presenting the same piece until the spring of 1903.

In the meantime Lou Behman had died and I had acquired his interest in the production. I next turned my old vaudeville skit, Running for Office, into a three-act musical play and opened at the Fourteenth Street Theater for a spring engagement. This was really our first New York hit and we played there for several months to capacity business. Fourteenth Street, however, was far enough away from Broadway to give me something to shoot at still, and that was the bell I wanted to ring.

During this engagement I received a letter from David Belasco asking me to call and have a chat. I was at his office at ten o'clock the following morning.

"Mr. Belasco hasn't arrived as yet," explained Ben Roeder, his general manager.

"What does he want to talk to me about?" I inquired.

"Haven't the slightest idea," said Roeder. "Supposing you stroll in later in the day?"

"All right, I will," and I breezed out. When I got to the sidewalk I got to thinking the matter over.

"This bird about wants to put me under his management. Well, if there's going to be any managing done, I'll do it myself." That was my decision in the matter, and my last visit to the Belasco office. To this day, he has never told me what he had in mind, and I've always been too proud to inquire.

"The happiest hoofer in the world." That was the way George M. Cohan felt when, at long last, dancers admitted he was a whizz with his feet. In the eighth installment, out next week, Mr. Cohan tells of his rise to the pinnacle of "hoofing" fame.

The Social Fal

Being the Intimate Confessions of an Amiable Ruin Who Has Tried Hard to Be a Drawing Room Devil and Has Found He Is Hopeless

Picture by R. G. JONES

You have already read the feminine point of view regarding this wallflower question, set forth in an article entitled Can a Wallflower Come Back? This week's article analyzes the masculine idea of the same problem.

IT'S NO USE; I don't fit into the drawing room. I've tried. Heaven knows I've done my best; but I can't learn bridge and I won't try mah jongg. The only movie stars I recognize by name are Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd, and Bill Hart, and my ability to discuss the ladies and gentlemen of the speaking stage is limited to Fred Stone, George Cohan, Sothern and Marlowe, Walter Hampden, and Mrs. Fiske.

So I admit it; socially I am a ruin. Once I wore a dress suit—just once. That was back in my senior year at college. I had a silk hat to go with it. But, alas and alackaday! I became embroiled with a chap who laughed the moment I entered his ken, and, my sense of humor having been put to sleep by my self-consciousness, I resented his snicker.

The result was that he and I came to blows—many of them—and, while the engagement might justly have been called a draw as far as the actual walloping went, I was the loser by one tall hat and a dress coat. The trousers were injured, too.

I've never worn open-face attire since. My wife has notions that I will buy a dinner coat and wear it, but I won't. We might just as well come to an understanding at this writing. I am about to put down on paper many things which I have hidden in my bosom for many years, and this serves as notice that I recognize my social shortcomings and stand by them.

I know no snappy phrases. I own to a certain admiration for him or her who can make or even memorize The Parlor Platitude. For example, on my latest unsuccessful foray into society a male vampire, holding and fondling the hand of one of the pretty girls, said:

"I'd give ten years of my life to have a lease on this hand of yours, lovely one—say the ten between my eightieth and ninetieth birthdays."

The pretty thing giggled; the other ladies giggled. You could see by the way the ladies looked at this real estate office Hermes that he was their idea of a male knockout. Now, I'd have loved to have said that; not, mind you, that it suggested Dean Swift, Beau Brummel, or James Whistler at their best, but it indicated a certain *savoir-faire* or *savoir-vivre* or whatever it is which seems to be what I lack.

I'd love to be able to say things of that sort. As a matter of fact, had I let go a quip or wanton wile of the sort the girl would probably have been mortally offended and left the party, after which my wife would have taken me aside and in her calm manner have said:

"Bill, for my sake, please try to remember where you are."

And then she would have tried to assuage the anguish which my bright remark would have created by explaining that I must have had too many cocktails and that I had never said anything like that before.

I KNEW early in life that I was not a budding hearth hound, so to speak—in other words, a socal furor. The knowledge came to me on the beach at Atlantic City. My companion, Phil, ran across a couple of girls he knew, and they had with them two others he didn't know. One of the strangers was Ruth and the other Edna. Introductions followed.

"Hello, Ruth," cried Phil, as though he'd known her for years. "Hello, Edna."

And the girls loved him for it. Now, mine is no face and neck to be fought over by the fellows who arrange the collar advertisements; but neither was Phil's. In fact, he is homelier than I because there is much more of him. Quantitively he's fifty per cent homelier than I. So I can't lay what happened to his beauty.

"Hello, Ruth and Edna," I echoed.

It may have been the way I said it. I ad that it was only by a mighty effort that I nounced those two given names. However, girls assumed a castor oil expression, and, g cing at me as though I were the janitor, said:

"Oh, how do you do?"

And then they proceeded to drown Phi smiles and pretty banter; and Phil did e thing except spank them. I couldn't get a with it, that's all.

Nope! I'm not the kind who can get a with it. Set me down in Madison Square Ga any night when Battling Budlong and Hel sartin Heinie are reducing each other to hu

E ALARM

By WALTER DAVENPORT

"HELLO, Ruth and Edna," I echoed. It may have been the way I said it. However, both girls, glancing at me as though I were the janitor, said, "Oh, how do you do?"

asses and I'll do nicely. Or turn me loose in rge with a motor car which yearns for plumb- and I ask social advice of no one. Or start a gh argument on the Volstead Act and address Talk? Elegant oratory, that's what it is. ut I've never been able to guess what is wrong h those pictures with which Mrs. Post's book llustrated and advertised. My ringing cheers for that chap who, entertained at dinner by boss, violated every precept of nice social ge, and on the following day, after being ured by his wife that he was certain to be d as a crude, napkin-dropping lunkhead, was husiastically promoted by his boss, who said t it did his heart good to have as a guest a child of nature and a man after his own code of social ethics.

ONE of my disastrous social sojourns was in an evening company which was not only polite but of the dilettante intelligentsia turn of consciousness, which is a pretty bad mental condition, no matter what your life aim may be. One of the male members of the well spoken group said of a certain actor's work that it suggested membership in the Centre City Rotary Club.

Inasmuch as everybody else laughed, I, too, laughed. But I didn't know until an hour later that it was the reference to the Rotary Club that aroused the raucous.

"Oh," said I, "I was never in Centre City. What happened at the Rotary Club there?"

The trouble with me (or the immediate trouble) was that I had not been a party to knowledge that there was anything wrong with Rotarians or their clubs. There may be. A Rotarian may be a terrible menace to our national embryonic culture, for all I know. I'm not a Rotarian, although if one of the essentials is an apparently insuperable barrier to making good in the above-mentioned circles I'd probably qualify for Grand Whirlwind or Most Exalted Spin, or whatever they call the ruling Rotarian.

While on this matter of confession I may say

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

that I am as wretched a dancer as our civilization has produced. I'm not making a professional effort to be humorous; heaven knows that it's not funny to be a double left-footed dancer. The answer is, of course, "Don't dance," but there are occasions when one is forced to try. I've tried to pirouette, shuffle, slither, slide, and wabble.

For that matter, I'd like to be able to threaten my opponents at bridge with four or five no trump and know what I was talking about. I'd glory in the knowledge that I could attend a Sunday afternoon tea without becoming embroiled with the finer sensibilities of the hostess or violating the virgin week for one or more of the guests.

You have no idea what satisfaction I'd derive from one clear sail across the social ocean. I have listened to advice. I have read psychologists on the subject of faltering ego and applied remedies suggested by various of them from James to Havelock Ellis, but to no satisfactory end.

I HAVE tried the highly recommended "Be well read" treatment. I might cite one instance where this last method dismally failed me.

I had trained for this particular function, which was to consist of dancing, supper and persiflage. At so much upon delivery and so much a month I had possessed myself of a group of books which, I had been assured, if conscientiously studied, would provide one with material for endless and entertaining conversation. I was loaded to the muzzle with Pascal, La Fontaine, Douglas Jerrold, Cicero, Horace, Ovid, Emerson, Cervantes, Bacon, Shakespeare, Macaulay, Goethe, Walter Pater, Jeremy Taylor, and so on.

I bombarded a blonde with Epictetus and barraged a squat matron with George Eliot. I offered the best of James Martineau to a brunette in red and blithely quoted Schopenhauer to a divinity who wore shell-rimmed spectacles. My wife was silent all the way home.

"Bill," she said as we were going upstairs, "what was it you were trying to tell Martha Huddle?"

"Which one was she?" I asked.

"The tall, slender girl with the flame-colored gown and the horn-rimmed spectacles."

"Ah, yes," I explained. "It was a neat bit from Schopenhauer about the inadvisability of forcing children to learn from a copy rather than the original, and that rather than thrust books upon them——"

"Never mind," interrupted my wife wearily, "probably she thought that there was some hidden meaning or some rough innuendo in it."

"Is she sore?"

"She isn't quite sure. But, Bill, I do wish you'd be careful what you say to strangers."

"I'm licked," I cried. "I'm through. Right here we—you and I—start with a fresh deck. I'll take you to the theater and even let you pick the play. I'll take you out to dinner whenever and wherever you say. You can go to all the dances and bridges and banter bartering soirées you choose, but I'll not go. I'm through with society, Hortense, through."

"The Goodyhues are coming to dinner tomorrow night," she announced.

"Stuff them with truffles and caviar," I shouted, "I won't be there."

I'D like once more to assure you that, in spite of what may appear herein to be attempted facetiousness, I regard my failures to make good socially as disheartening setbacks. I blame no one but myself.

I'm the boob, not the other fellow. I *know* this and suffer the more because I don't seem to be able to overcome it.

I suppose that I was a little beside myself when I asked Hortense to marry me, but it took a world war to bring me to that mental condition. I met her just before we sailed for France, where, after a series of amazing mishaps, we were told that in spite of everything we had won.

And during all of that imbroglio I kept Hortense in mind, always forcing myself to believe that when I got back to Hoboken I'd ask her to marry me. When we *did* arrive in Hoboken I was in such an exalted state, what with having been serenaded by brass bands and kissed by strong women (along with several thousand more doughboys, to be sure), that I was overflowing with self-esteem and confidence.

I had sense enough to know that this new courage was an ephemeral thing and that if I intended to ask Hortense I had better do it while thus unnaturally inflated. So I asked her to marry me and she, poor lady, accepted.

The only reason I obtrude upon you these intimate stories of my private life is, I assure you, that I want to be clearly understood. I want to show you what a hopeless social bankrupt I am. Why, I have been a silent participant in perfectly nice "at homes" when I have had to excuse myself lest I surrender to the powerful urge to plunge into oblivion with:

"Oh, hell! ladies and gentlemen, did any of you see the second knockdown in the first round of the Dempsey-Firpo fight? And, if so, did you notice that Jack's left hit the Argentine right on the unattached end of the lower floating rib?"

THE END

The Extraordinary Experiences of a Young Man Sentenced to Die and Awaiting His Turn in the Electric Chair at Sing Sing

NINE MONTHS in the DEATH HOUSE

By
William M. Creasy

Picture by GEORGE W. GAGE

"Fifteen times I clung to the bars of my cell in the dark and, when that 'thump' came, cried, 'Me next! Me next!'"

WILLIAM M. CREASY, a railroad shopman, joined a letter-writing club. A pretty young school teacher, Edith Lavoy, corresponded with him. They fell in love. They became engaged to be married. Then he repented. He felt that he could not make her happy. She killed herself. Creasy was sentenced to death in the electric chair.

He spent nine months in the condemned cells in Sing Sing Prison. He saw fifteen men go through the iron door which opens into the execution chamber. Fifteen times he clung to the bars of his cell, in the dark, and experienced the agonizing wait for the THUMP which signaled the death of the man to whom he had just said good-by. And then he would join the chorus of condemned men:

"Me next! Me next!"

Those nine months were months of horror. His fellow prisoners were black and white, calm and frantic, courageous and demoralized, according to their nature.

"Smitty" was a spiritualist and he went away singing Abide with Me.

And then Creasy was tried again and freed.

Here's his graphic story. It's a story you will not easily forget.

PART I.

THE newspapers said I showed no emotion when County Judge Lewis J. Smith, sitting at Mineola, Long Island, New York, sentenced me to die in the electric chair.

Well, I didn't faint. I didn't fall or grope for a chair. There was no mirror in front of me and I didn't see my own face when Judge Smith told me that I should have to be put to death in Sing Sing during the week of November sixth, nineteen twenty-two.

But either the reporters couldn't see my face or I was entirely successful in my effort to take it like a man—outwardly, at least—because everything within me seemed to curl and grow cold. I could feel the blood leave my face. I couldn't, of course, fully appreciate what it meant except that I was to die as I had read of others dying—led into a bare room, told to sit in a chair, and then have something hard and heavy hit them.

But the reporters said that I showed no emotion, and I thank them for that. I felt what I may not have shown. I haven't the ability to describe what it feels like to be sentenced to death—probably nobody has it. It isn't a thing to be described adequately in so many words. You are alive, in vigorous health, in the midst of plans for next week, next month, next year. Then you are told that you, a strong man, are to be taken out and killed!

I had been convicted of murdering Edith Lavoy, a school teacher at Freeport, Long Island (wrongly convicted, as my second trial demonstrated). Nevertheless, I had been found guilty of murder, and I was turned over to the sheriff to be transported to Sing Sing Prison, where, a month later (I was sentenced on October sixth), I was to be electrocuted.

Then I embarked upon an experience which

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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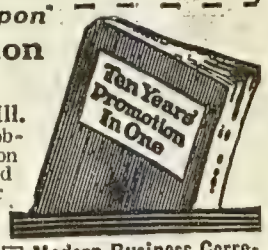

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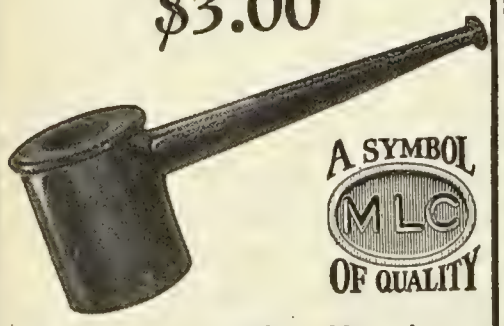

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

to me, a man of thirty-three, held all the terrors that a dark, lonely house had for me when I was a child of six or seven. I spent nine months in Sing Sing's death house cells.

Before I left those cells I had shaken hands with fifteen men who thereupon shuffled down the stone corridor followed by clergyman or priest and two big guards, and through the brown iron door which separated us from the execution chamber.

Fifteen times I had heard that horrible thump—the shock of the electric current hitting its prey.

Fifteen times I had followed the custom of the condemned men by clinging to the bars of my cell in the dark and, when that "thump" came, cried, "Me next! Me next!" It was always dark in the condemned men's block when one of them took the leap. The guards always turned off the lights. I don't know why.

YOU have no idea what it is to be alone—all alone—and sentenced to death and taken by the sheriff and his men to the prison where you must die.

I became as a child. I won't try to unscramble all my thoughts as I took the trip to Sing Sing; I don't pretend to be able to remember just what passed through my mind.

Here, sitting beside me, handcuffed to me lest I should try to throw myself out of the car or attempt to kill myself, were men who were to deliver me to the prison and then hurry back home to dinner, to the theater, to an evening's pleasure. I had murdered nobody. I had done nothing more foolish than to leave a pistol in the reach of a girl who thought that I was trying to jilt her. I wasn't—but no matter. I shall tell of that later on.

My God! I was not guilty of murder. I shouldn't be electrocuted. I knew it, but nobody else appeared to. And here were these men taking me to the executioner as calmly as they would deliver a sack of grain to the miller. One of them offered me a cigaret. I didn't want to smoke. What I wanted to do was to scream as I rode:

"I'm not guilty! I'm not guilty!"

I didn't, of course. They'd only have silenced me. And nobody hearing me would have known what I was talking about. And if they had known they'd have merely shrugged their shoulders. All murderers say that. But I did keep my nerve. I didn't talk much as I rode with the sheriff's men. I didn't dare trust myself to talk.

When Judge Smith sentenced me my lawyer, Henry A. Uterhart, served notice of appeal. The notice was in documentary form and it was given to the sheriff, who was to turn it over to the warden at Sing Sing. It would act as a stay of execution. Uterhart told me so.

"The notice," he said, "will serve to postpone matters until after the Court of Appeals passes on your conviction. Now, keep your head up and your shoulders straight, Creasy. Don't let them think they've got your nerve. There is justice in this country and you'll have it. This verdict is unjust. I'll have it reversed when I get before the Court of Appeals. I've been practicing law for twenty-six years, and if I don't have this sentence reversed I'll retire. That's how sure I am, Creasy.

"You're going to the Death House. You'll go through hell there. But keep up your courage. You're coming through to liberty again."

I did go through hell. God, the awful nights! The insane praying! The wild, fanatical hymn singing! You are all alone there, facing death. You're just a step, a short step, from the presence of your Maker. You have time to think and, let me tell you, you think, think, think.

Oh, sure you sleep. At first you don't, but later on exhaustion makes you sleep. Then the first of your number is led out to take the leap. Sleep? I have heard men who served in the army during the war say that you don't know what terror is until you have been standing on a black road at night with the enemy airplanes dropping bombs all around, trying to hit your column.

I WAS in the navy during the war. I experienced nothing like that sort of an air raid, but I hope it is the fate of none of you to sit in a cell waiting for a "thump" that tells you that the poor devil with whom you've just shaken hands has been killed.

Believe me, men may march to the death chair calmly, stoically. But just the same men cling to their bars whining like beasts in agony while they await that "thump" which signifies that it's all over with the lad who has just left them.

The death that follows imprisonment in the condemned cells is nothing compared with the long, long waiting, waiting, waiting, and the galling hope that refuses to be banished. Once you're inside the execution chamber it is all over very quickly.

"When they come for you," big Blackstone used to say, "go fast. Don't hold back; it won't do you no good. Go on. Run, if they'll let you. Get it over with. It hits you and you don't know no more."

Blackstone was a negro who had the cell next to mine. He was the last man to die while I was in there. He went with his chin in the air. He tried to sing something, but all that came out of his clenched teeth was a whine.

Hell? God!

I saw the court clerk hand that notice of appeal to the sheriff and I saw the sheriff tuck it into his pocket. And then I began to worry lest he lose that paper. All the way up to Sing Sing I was afraid it might work out of his pocket; that he'd pull it out with some other papers or a cigar or something, and that it would be lost and that the warden wouldn't know that I really wasn't to die during the week of November sixth.

I remember watching the sheriff, fearful lest such a thing should happen. I wondered whether I hadn't better ask him to look at his papers and be sure he still had it.

It was a fifty-mile trip from Mineola to Sing Sing and every mile a colder sensation of approaching death. The paper didn't work out of the sheriff's pocket, of course, but, oh, how I watched him!

It was Saturday, a dark, cloudy day. Maybe that was better for me. Maybe it would have been harder were I leaving a world of sunshine. We drove through Long Island City, across the Queensborough Bridge, up Fifth Avenue, through the Bronx and Yonkers. I saw men and women out for a stroll, men and women hurrying homeward, hurrying to dinners, to parties. I had the insane impulse to shout at them:

"Look at me. Look at me. You are going about free. I'm going to the electric chair. I'm being hurried to prison to be killed. What do you free people think of that?"

But of course I didn't do anything like that, either.

I had a dear friend in Yonkers. As I passed through that city I looked at the sidewalks wondering whether I'd see her. I wondered what she might be doing at the moment. I wondered whether she was thinking of my awful predicament; whether she thought me guilty as everybody else did.

THE sheriff did everything he could to make the trip easier for me.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, Creasy," he said. "Uterhart will have this reversed. You'll be back in Mineola for another trial. I don't think you're guilty."

Then one of the deputies said: "We'll soon be there."

My heart seemed to stop. Soon be there! I seemed to be walking into the execution chamber. But I took a fresh grip on myself. I recalled what my lawyer had said. I resolved to enter the prison with my head up.

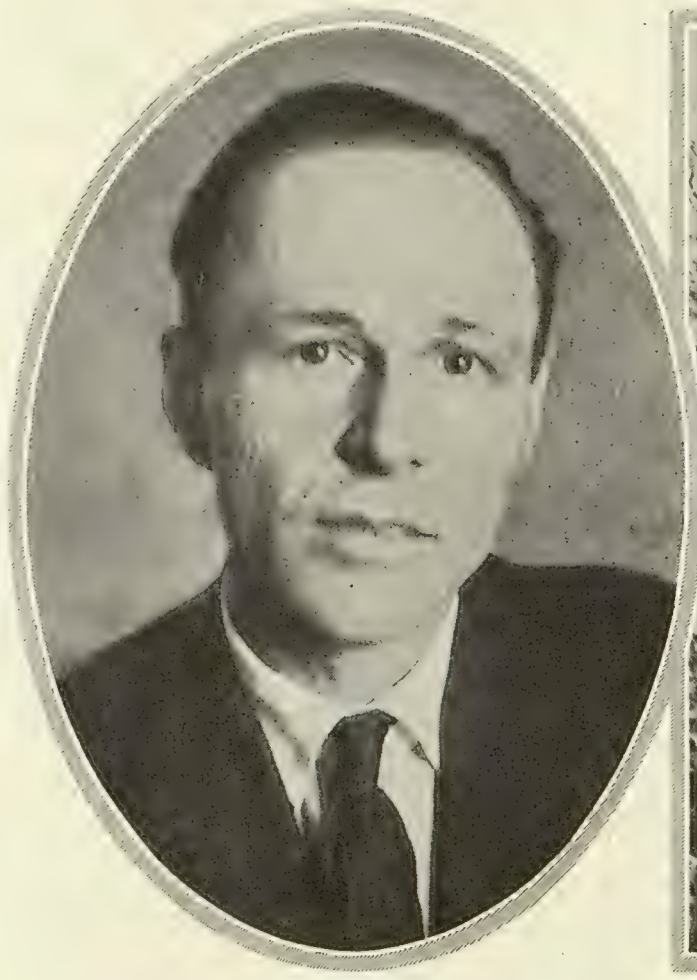
You see, I was a down-country boy—a greenhorn in the ways and knowledge of the city. I had read the newspaper accounts of the trial and execution of Lieut. Charles Becker, the New York policeman; of the four gangsters who were involved in the same

murder he was; of Arthur Warren Waite, the dentist who murdered his mother-in-law and father-in-law; of Hans Schmidt, and Gordon Hamby, and others.

But I had read of these tragedies and let them pass out of my mind just as millions more had. To me there was something mysterious as well as terrible about those crimes and legal revenges. But here I was having a personal experience in those very things about which I had read.

And the curious thing, as I remember it, was it did not occur to me that a man is never taken directly from the courtroom to the electric chair. It was not in my mind that much time elapses between the sentencing of a prisoner and his actual execution. All I could think of, when the motor car drew up before the prison doors, was that I had come to be electrocuted. And there came an awful fear that they'd electrocute me at once.

I admit my morale was completely gone; that I could neither reason nor reassure myself. I saw death staring me in the face and inwardly, at least, I was a mere pulp.



William M. Creasy, the young man who spent nine months in the death house at Sing Sing.

Mr. Creasy and Miss Edith Lavoy, the pretty young school teacher he was accused of having slain.

At the door of the prison Peterson, a detective in the employ of Mr. Uterhart, met me. It was decent of him to show his friendship this way. And with him was a Mrs. Anderson, who had taken an interest in me while I was in the Nassau County Jail at Mineola. They shook hands with me. It was a good-by. I remember thinking that Mrs. Anderson's was the last woman's hand I should ever touch.

I looked up at the sky wondering whether that would be my last view of the clouds. I had never read, then, Oscar Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol.* My education had been rudimentary. I learned to read a great deal while in the condemned cells, and my education was much broader when I left. And of course I didn't know as I entered Sing Sing Prison that I would see the sky again. I am setting these sensations of mine down as I recall them, you see.

I tried hard to smile as I said good-by to Mrs. Anderson. I wonder whether I succeeded? That, perhaps, was the darkest moment of all—that moment when I left the world and entered a prison which, the law decreed, I was not to leave alive.

THEY took me into the receiving office where the sheriff gave the warden my death warrant and the notice of my appeal. Ah, that was better. That notice of appeal hadn't been lost. The warden read both papers quickly and, nodding his head, turned away. The sheriff shook hands with me. He lit a cigar, smiled amiably, and hustled back to his automobile.

Two guards took me by the arm. Down a flight of stone steps to an iron door. The inside guard opened the gate and I heard it clang behind me. Something very like curiosity was coming over me. Twenty steps and another iron door, this one heavier and darker. There was a small door, like a flap, in it. Another guard let us through that.

Then down a dark corridor, stone underfoot and steel right, left, and above. There was a smell of strong disinfectant. Another steel door. Somewhere I had read of a man who had escaped from this place. I wondered how he'd done it. I decided someone had lied about it and that nobody had ever escaped.

Twenty more steps down another and darker passage and then another door. The guards stopped a few feet from this door, and I voluntarily drew back. Had I heard right? Had the judge said the week of the sixth of November? Was the electric chair just beyond this door? Were men actually electrocuted immediately after arriving and the public told something else? Had they lied to me in court? Had my lawyer lied to me?

To be sure, those were all fears inspired by my surroundings and my mental terror. Mr. Uterhart hadn't lied to me. He was the best friend I had ever known outside of my father and mother. He stuck to me and saw me through to freedom—me, a man with no money or position, culture, or anything else which would attract me to him.

I WAS pushed through the flap in this door. A glint of daylight came down through a high skylight. I was turned to the left and led down a few stone steps. Another door, and I was standing in an office which seemed to be underground. Behind a desk sat a big man in uniform. A great scar disfigured his face. Another marked his neck. A forbidding looking man.

He was the P. K. (the Principal Keeper), and as time wore on I came to know him as a fine man, capable of great pity for us unfortunates. Those scars, I learned, were the result of a hand to hand fight he had engaged in with a prisoner who had gone mad and wanted to add murder to his other crimes. The P. K. just prevented it.

When I faced the P. K. for the first time I wondered whether he was the man who would be my executioner. I had some panicky feeling I was being handed over to him for killing. But he was almost kindly in his attitude. He took my pedigree.

"Take off your clothes, Creasy," he said. "All of them."

"Here's the end of me," I told myself.

Slowly I undressed. The guards and the P. K. did not hurry me. They paid so little attention to me I was rather puzzled. As I took off my clothes they searched them. They even examined the seams and the soles and heels of my shoes. They were looking for narcotics.

The P. K. took my money and a carton of cigarettes I had brought along. He gave me a receipt for the money and a fresh carton of cigarets. And then he asked me the most disconcerting question yet.

"Where do you want your clothes sent?" he asked.

I wish I had the power to tell you how that question struck me! At that moment I was certain electrocution was but an hour off. Another keeper came in. He threw a blanket over me. He showed me toward a door and down an electrically lighted corridor and into a shower bath. I was moving mechanically. I didn't know what was ahead of me. Terror stricken? Who wouldn't be?

He took me into a sort of wire cage after I had dried myself. There was an empty cell in it—empty except for an iron cot, a table hinged to the wall, a stationary washstand and toilet accessories, and AN IRON CHAIR. On the door of my cell were two locks. I heard them snap. I stood there looking at that chair.

I did not sit in that chair for four days.

I believed that it was charged with electricity.

There is one of those chairs in every cell and it seems to be one of the few jokes of the death house. All of the condemned men told me that they had the same feeling as I had had about it. None sat in it for three or four days after arriving. What a thing was that chair!

For many, many days after I became convinced that the P. K. wasn't standing outside my cell door waiting for me to sit in that chair so he could accomplish the object of my imprisonment, I imagined I felt the current being turned on every time I sat in the thing. I preferred to sit on my bunk anyway.

The second installment of this vivid portrayal of a man's experience in the death house at Sing Sing Prison, his release, a new trial, and finally his acquittal, will be published in the next issue. In it he will tell of the nerve-wracking suspense of a man facing the unknown hereafter.

ANNETTE KELLERMAN

Can ANY Woman *Be* BEAUTIFUL *Today?*

By GERALDINE SARTAIN

It's All a Matter of Health, Says Annette Kellerman, the Diving Venus; Attain That and You'll Have Your Share of Good Looks

BEAUTY—any woman can be as fair of face and form today as the neighbor she has been watching enviously. Annette Kellerman says so.

"Beauty is all a matter of health," she says, "and everyone can attain health and thereby her share of pulchritude."

"But, Miss Kellerman," you might interpose, unconvinced, "surely some women are just born prettier than others. Some have flawless features and perfect complexions. How can every woman become beautiful?"

"I am an example of what physical exercise and right living can do for any woman," Miss Kellerman replies. "When I was a child my feet were misshapen; I was a virtual cripple and my health was precarious. My daddy took me in hand and began the swimming cure. It brought me out, developed my body, straightened my crippled feet and gave me this temple of health and strength my body has been since then."

And so—Annette's first recipe for fat and thin is the swimming tank.

"EXERCISE is the *pièce de résistance* of beauty aids, and swimming the finest form of all, for it brings into play every muscle of the body," she insists. "Whether there is too much fatty tissue or the figure is too poorly padded, swimming can correct the deficiency."

Two distinct sets of rules and health hints has the Diving Venus—one for women inclined to avoirdupois and the other for the too slender lassies.

"We'll take the fat woman first," the diving champion says. "Her problem is one of constancy to her exercise program.

"It is not the vigor or the time spent that counts, but the regularity. At least twenty minutes night and morning should be the minimum, and the stylish-stouts should put some vim into their training down.

"Swim. It is the finest reducer known. It trims off the extra ounces and brings the body to its natural lines. Swim every day if possible; if not, at least three times a week.

"Work while you are in the water. Perfect your various strokes, and while you are doing it the extra poundage will melt away.

"Secondly, the fat woman's problem is one of abstemiousness. She does not dare stow away the tempting cream puff and the chocolate éclair, for in her system such dainties are instantly transformed into the fat she loathes.

"This is my second rule for those inclined to be too stout—choose your diet and stick to it above all things," the swimming Venus continues. "Don't deviate by so much as one pat of butter, if you wish to maintain those trim lines of girlhood. Your main foods should include fresh vegetables and fruits, eliminating butter sauces, sugar, potatoes, white bread, creamed dressings, and all those heavy foods so dear to your hearts.

"Vegetables in season, such as string beans, lettuce, carrots, turnips, spinach, and others of their kind are best for an all-round diet."

Now for the *demoiselle* of tenuous lines.

"What works for the fat one, works equally well for the lean person," she says. "First, you worriers, forget yourselves; relax; learn from your more sluggish, fat neighbors. Take life a little less seriously; learn to smile at it, and to rule it, rather than allowing it to dictate to you. Take plenty of rest; see that nothing disturbs that rest.

"I can't say enough about swimming for health. It will fill out those hollow necks, shoulder blades, busts, and develop a graceful calf quicker than any other known treatment. If you don't know how to swim, take lessons immediately. Spend a great deal of time on the despised breast stroke.

"As a builder of diaphragm there is nothing that excels the breast stroke. Make a breathing exercise out of it, by inhaling deeply and crossing the tank before expelling the air. Do this five or six times each swimming hour."

Simple breathing exercises on land, the stage beauty and motion picture star advocates strongly, too. For those who don't take to the water—well, she says, try breathing deeply twenty minutes night and morning.

AS to food, Annette Kellerman has a definite program for the thin women.

"Girls and women with bones that protrude and lines which don't curve," she exhorts, "know that food must be chosen wisely with due thought to plenty of fat-producing articles—milk, cream, cheese, butter, eggs, cereals, potatoes, vegetables, and a sufficiency of starches are your best friends.

"But don't wash down your food with milk, water, or any other liquid. Masticate every mouthful thoroughly, drinking the milk between meals and a glass, warmed, before going to bed.

"And, last, if you care for your nerves and digestion, shun coffee and tea as you would so much liquid fire."

Annette Kellerman's HEALTH AND BEAUTY RULES:

FAT LADIES—
Read This!

The Ways of Keeping Those Girlish Lines.

Exercise regularly—not hit or miss. Twenty minutes vigorously night and morning is a good average.

Swim. It is the best all-around reducer, for it brings the body to perfect lines.

Eat sparingly. Your problem is one of sacrifice. Don't diet today and eat a seven-course banquet tomorrow.

Omit from your menus white bread, butter, potatoes, gravy, rich dressings, and pastries.

Confine your diet to lettuce, string beans, spinach, carrots, similar vegetables, and fresh fruit. Substitute whole wheat bread for white.

SLENDER SYLPHS—
This for You!

Five Infallible Rules for Proper Development.

Breathing exercises are your standbys. At least twenty minutes twice a day, but not too strenuously.

Swim daily. Don't potter, but work. Development to physical perfection will be the result.

Stop worrying. Eliminate all annoying, troublesome lines of thought. Rest.

Eat good, wholesome food with lots of protein. Make cereals, milk, cream, vegetables, potatoes, and other starches your main diet. Omit tea and coffee.

Masticate thoroughly. Don't wash down food with liquid. Drink the liquid between meals.

CIRCE, *the Enchantress*

A Movie Review by
ALVA TAYLOR

Mae Murray, an up-to-date Circe, plays "follow the leader" in her drawing room swimming pool.

MAE MURRAY has a way of beginning her pictures with a symbolic prologue, in which she steps rhythmically about in scant clothing and soft focus photography, portraying some alluring female who blends into the character in the main part of the story. Circe, the Enchantress, is no exception to this style of presentation affected by Miss Murray. The title suggests the symbolic bit.

Miss Murray is first the wicked lady of mythical days who lured sailors to her island, made them love her, and then turned them into swine. It is an easy step from Circe to Cecilie, the lady of the modern story, who, like Circe of old, has a way with the men.

The modern Circe is also a lone woman who lives on an island—Long Island, to be exact. She, too, lives in a palatial mansion to which men flock, lured by her siren call.

The story of Circe, the Enchantress, is announced as having been written by Vicente Blasco Ibañez especially for Mae Murray. We rather think that Señor Ibañez must have written it on one of his off days. However, it serves the purpose of providing a vehicle for Miss Murray's peculiar style of histrionic ability. By which we mean nothing unkind to the star. Rather we wish to infer that it is Miss Murray who saves the day, and makes of an uninspired and unconvincing scenario a fast moving and entertaining enough moving picture.

Miss Murray is never still. If her feet aren't working hard, her mouth and eyes are. Whenever she's on the screen we are made to think of the nervousness of a track horse just before a race—always fidgety, always on the move. However, she has a great deal of charm, and, if you are a regular admirer of her work, you'll have no fault to find with Circe, the Enchantress, for there's plenty of Mae Murray. She's the only woman in the picture, with the exception of an occasional nun and a lady's maid.

The "other woman" appears only in the picture frame on the desk of Cecilie's Ulysses, the one man whom this modern Circe finds beyond her power. James Kirkwood is the virtuous and noble Long Island Ulysses, a celebrated surgeon, who lives next door to the siren. He doesn't at all approve of his neighbor, but attends one of her dinner parties. The spirit of the party fails to meet any response in him, and he goes home just when the party is at its liveliest. Cecilie, in her costly evening gown, has dashed into the splashing pool installed in her drawing room, where she shouts "Follow the leader," to the admirers on the shore. The doctor, no doubt, is thinking of the cases of colds in the head which will result, for he shakes his head in a shocked manner.

Cecilie, of course, is madly in love with the doctor, who doesn't think she is a nice woman at all. The audience, however, having been given a private peep into her diary, knows that all these jazz parties and wild goings-on are only on the surface, that in reality Cecilie is a good woman, who all her life has been handicapped with too great an appeal to men.

The doctor's heart clings to an ideal, a sweet, young thing to whom he was once engaged, but who died. But he finally falls under Circe's spell—when it is too late, she having gambled away her house and home. The doctor finds her in a convent, where she has sought refuge from her disappointment at not getting the man she loves by becoming a lay sister.

Miss Murray gives us occasional bits of interesting acting outside of the poutings and twitching in which she specializes. The scene of girlhood is sweetly and convincingly played. Since dancing is the talent which first brought her into the public eye, it is not surprising that she is especially successful in performing a dance in this picture.

James Kirkwood is always an ideal type to play the noble hero. He has a look about him which makes it impossible to confuse him with the villain.

If you don't expect too much of Circe, the Enchantress, you will not be sorry you went to see it.

CIRCE, THE ENCHANTRESS

Story by Vicente Blasco Ibañez — *Directed by Robert Z. Leonard*
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn

THE CAST:

Circe, mythical goddess. Cecilie Brunne..... — *Mae Murray*
Dr. Wesley Van Martyn..... .....James Kirkwood
Archibald Crumm.....Tom Ricketts
Ballard (Bal) Barrett.Charles Gerard
William Craig.....William Haines
Sister Agatha.....Lillian Langdon

NEXT WEEK:

Monte Blue in

The Lover of Camille

Three Little Girls from School

Captions by Alva Taylor

GRADUATES all from Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld's elite seminary on Broadway and 42nd street, known to New Yorkers as the Ziegfeld Follies but really a school for movie stars, as witness below—

GIDDYAP, PONIES! In addition to helping Mr. Ziegfeld glorify the American girl, Miss Mae Murray (above), in her Follies days, danced her way into the hearts of her audiences. She still does it on the screen.

BANG! BANG! BANG! "Die like a dog, you villain! That'll teach you to keep your hands off that little gal!" Into this rough atmosphere has been tossed Miss Peggy Shaw (in oval), after only a two-year course in the Follies Finishing School, to play opposite Buck Jones, Western hero.

ANOTHER ZIEGFELD POSY. Dorothy Mackaill (at right) deserted the stage for higher art beneath the Kleig. But she hasn't forgotten how to dance. In The Man Who Came Back they make the heroine a dancer instead of a singer just to show that Dorothy still knows how.

THEY CALL HER THE "ENGLISH MARY PICKFORD"

FLORA LE BRETON

A GRADUATE OF SIR HERBERT TREE'S famous school in England, Miss Flora Le Breton has come to the screen via the London dramatic stage, not to mention Andre Charlot's companies. She made an instantaneous success in English films, and duplicated it over here.

WITH Fury in His Heart, the Wild Man af Borneo Waited for His Chance. It Came! And the Girl Changed Her Mind About Practical Jokers

JOLLY ROGER

A Short Story

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

Pictures by OSCAR HOWARD

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET is one of the most promising of the younger generation of authors and his books are finding a wide circle of readers. Among his latest works are Heavens and Earth, The Beginning of Wisdom, and Jean Huguenot, while his short stories appear regularly in the magazines.

YOUNG PETER CRANBURY, reclining at full length upon the window seat overlooking the bay, felt lonely. Blue sky and glittering waters brought his mind no ease. Somewhere, out upon those waters, were Sabrina and the others. And he, because he had trusted in man, was here, alone.

Steps sounded on the porch outside. A voice called, "Hey! Anybody home?"

"We don't want any nice fresh strawberries," said Peter, without moving. "Oh—it's you, Johnny! Well—come in——"

The door opened, admitting a deeply sunburned youth in golf clothes, who grinned upon seeing Peter.

"Left all alone again?" he queried. "Where's the bunch? Out? Doing what?"

"Oh, don't ask me!" said Peter, suddenly violent. "Don't ask me! This house party has been knocked for a tall green loop ever since that laughing jackass that calls itself 'Rogah' Raleigh arrived!"

His acquaintance whistled.

"Roger certainly is the merry little cut-up," he said. "Such care-free, jolly ways! It's a wonder to me that somebody doesn't use a cold chisel on his sense of humor!"

"Well, somebody's going to," said Peter, darkly, "if he sticks around here much longer. Do you know what he did today?"

"Put a mouse in the phonograph again or which? Drip it out, big boy, drip it out!"

"He—he faked a telephone call—the—the syncopated ash can—just as everybody was getting ready to go——"

"That old gag?"

"Yup. And I fell—I fell like a ton of rivets. New York has been calling—important—please call Mr. C. Lyon—number all written out—well, how did I know it wasn't important? Took me ten minutes to get the call—and when I'd got it they were all piling off in the big launch—laughing and waving ta-ta——"

"Dirty work. But what was the call?"

Peter flushed. "The Aquarium, you flattire! C. Lyon—sea-lion—see?" Whereupon Johnny chuckled.

"Oh, it's funny—isn't it funny? Yeah—funny as a Chinese hearse!" He glared indignantly. Johnny repressed his mirth. "But how about Sabrina?" he said.

"Oh, she thinks little Roger has Eddie Cantor rolled into a snowball. Every time he opens that mouth of his and lets out a laugh like a trombone she just eats out of his hand."

"Too bad," said Johnny, more seriously. "Can't you put a tack in his toy balloon?"

Peter groaned. "Haven't I tried? I've done everything but throw a custard at him now. But it's no use coming back at him with his own sort of stuff. He just laughs—and it isn't your joke any more—it's his joke—and it's on you! Oh, Lord—here they are, coming back—I'm going away——"

"Wait a minute," said Johnny, restraining him. "After all you've said I want to see dear Roger perform."

"See him?" said Peter, morosely, as the Cory launch chugged up to the dock below the window. "Hear him, you mean. You can hear that awful laugh of his a mile away."

PETER'S metaphor may have been a little exaggerated, but he spoke with some justice. Roger's laugh was very easy to hear. It came floating up now, as, stepping from the launch to the dock, he pretended to be about to fall into the water, and was accompanied by the clear and very pleasant mirth of a slim girl with yellow hair whom he handed with ridiculous ceremony to the landing.

"Hear that minute gun?" said Peter, bitterly. "Oh, Roger's the life of the party—take it from Uncle!"

And indeed the party that entered seemed lively enough. There were six of them—three girls, two boys, and Roger. There was a great deal of Roger from his jovial full-moon face to his enormous sneakers—and his manner produced upon strangers the impression that there was even more of him than there was.

"Well, Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-Eater," he said, with a wave of his massive hand upon entering, "I calls it a dirty trick to ditch us like that, but, of course, if you will call up your friends the goldfish on the long distance——"

An ill suppressed tempest of giggles broke out from the girls. Peter turned away, his heart heavy as cold oatmeal within him.

"Oh, Peter," crooned Sabrina. "We had the most wonderful time, Peter; Roger was so funny——"

"Was he?" said Peter, dully. He gleamed about with the faint hope that he might be able to lure Sabrina away by herself for a moment. "Listen, Sab——"

But just at that instant, "Well, well, well, if here isn't our little Johnny-jump-up with us anew!" boomed Roger, and, as Johnny

"Here comes the Wild Man," cried Peter, and leaping through the opening like a flying fish, he slipped, skidded, and fell squarely in the middle of the ballroom floor.

automatically advanced to greet him, pretended to stumble again. Johnny, visioning the possible impact of two hundred pounds of Roger on his chest, leaped nimbly aside, his face aghast. The giggles broke out afresh, and Peter's cause was lost.

"Oh, Roger!" said Sabrina, worshiping, "Roger, do do that awfully funny imitation of Jeanne Eagels for Johnny—he's never heard it."

"All right, meh lady!" said Roger, clearing his throat, "women and children to the lifeboats! All set? Let's go—" he prepared to imitate.

"I've heard it," muttered Peter, gloomily, but nobody paid any attention to him.

IT was with a lighter heart than he would have believed possible that Peter left the house party temporarily the following morning to pay Aunt Eliza a three days' duty visit. Aunt Eliza might be an unreconstructed old lady whose idea of light diversion was a brisk, exciting match of mixed croquet—but at least in the chilly primness of her home he could forget Jolly Roger and his works for a while.

But, instead, he was haunted continually by a series of dreadful little visions of Sabrina and Roger—together—always together. Roger's phantom laugh buzzed at him, sleeping or waking, like a ghostly horn—and after it he could hear Sabrina's impish, appreciative mirth—and see Sabrina's eyes grow soft as they gazed upon Roger's monstrous form.

In fact, Peter grew so nervous and absentminded during the visit that he always seemed to be stepping on one of Aunt Eliza's cats—and it was with a certain grim relief that that lady listened to his incoherent excuses for taking an earlier train back than he had intended. As the car wheels clicked off the miles of the return journey, his heart softened to Sabrina—to Roger, even. Maybe he had been silly, getting all worked up over a couple of house-party jokes.

There couldn't be anything between Sabrina and Roger—there just couldn't. Sabrina had too much sense. And as for Roger—it must be sort of hard on Roger—being so fat and all—it forced one to pointless clowning. Yes, he had been all wrong. From now on his attitude toward Roger would be one of dignified pity. The fellow's loutish mask might hide a secret sorrow. He visualized himself as a wise and sympathetic listener to the sad, sad life story of a teary and repentant Roger—and smiled.

Nevertheless, it was somewhat of a strain to be met by Roger at the station that evening—but the big, awkward lummox seemed so genuinely glad to see him that he was convinced anew of the wiseness of his new attitude. True, he wished that Roger had not displayed his joy by bursting into loud, preposterous sobs that made the station agent behave as if he were suffering from acute gastritis—but poor Roger couldn't help being vulgar if he tried. Peter tried to feel toward Roger as one does to a vast and frisking Newfoundland puppy—and nearly succeeded.

"Hope I didn't embarrass you, Pete, at the station?" said Roger, rather anxiously.

"Oh, no," said Peter, rather grandly. "Certainly not."

"Well, that's fine!" said Roger, heartily. "You know me, Pete. I just can't help myself whenever I get to funning—and the people that know me just have to make allowances. I'm not like you, Pete—there's no use my trying to pull the heavy, intelligent lines," he sighed. "I just couldn't get away with it," he confided, sadly. "If I were more like you—but not with the way God put me together—no." His mouth drooped, wistfully.

"Oh, well," said Peter, rather touched. Then, tactfully trying to change the conversation, he asked, "How's everything been going, since——"

"Dead," replied Roger, promptly, "dead as a fish. Hasn't been a bit of fun in the whole darn house-party since you went away." His eyes were reflective. "Not a bit of honest fun."

"Well, well," said Peter, greatly pleased.

They found the house deserted when they entered.

"Where's the bunch?" said Peter.

"Oh, gone over to that masquerade party at the club," said Roger, carelessly. "We didn't get your wire till late, so I thought I'd stick around to bring you up."

"That's darn decent of you, Roger," said Peter, his heart warming to the Newfoundland puppy more and more.

"Oh, blah!" said Roger, dismissing thanks with a wave of his hand. "Had dinner?"

"Yeah. On the train."

"Good girlie! All right, then—I'll get fixed up if you don't mind and crash over to the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"4 o'clock in the Afternoon"

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

party—you don't want to go, I suppose?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, I dunno. Have to get all dressed up—they're giving prizes for the best costumes—all that—silly idea——"

"Well, aren't you going to get all——"

Roger chuckled scornfully.

"Should say not. Going to fool 'em: Costumes? Not for this baby! Too hot. Stick a red ribbon across my shirt front and put on a false mustache and say I'm a Battledore of the Legion of Honor—that's all. But you——"

"I could always turn my coat inside out and——" said Peter, hopefully.

"Sure you could," said Roger, approvingly, and Peter instantly discarded the idea.

"You say they're giving prizes?"

"Yeah. Most original costumes. Simple stuff. Sabrina'll get it for the girls—she has a knockout—and if we could just fix you up—say, I've got it!" said Roger. "You go as a Wild Man, Pete—it'll knock 'em all crazy!"

"But listen," said Peter, dubiously.

"Oh, it's easy! Just get some old overalls—I've got a pair and make a wig out of shavings. I know how to do it—and there's some water color paints around—we can paint you all up."

"Well," said Peter. Then the thought of Sabrina decided him. "Say, Roger, that's a swell idea!" he said, kindling.

SOME half an hour later an intensely ferocious Wild Man glared at himself in the mirror appreciatively. Roger had really been wonderful with the water color paints. His own mother would not have recognized Peter under the strange circles and lozenges of orange and ultramarine that bedecked his visage—the wig of shavings was unique—and Roger had even found some dog chains for his wrists. The result was beyond Peter's wildest imaginings and, he thought, if the judges had any sense for real originality—— Then he gave a thought to Roger. Poor Roger—he might have been a Wild Man, too. Though he seemed happy enough with his red ribbon and false mustache.

The ride over to the club was chilly, and the garments of a Wild Man offered little protection. But Peter didn't care. He jangled his dog chains happily and thought of Sabrina.

The attendant who told them where to park looked at Peter, rubbed his eyes, coughed, looked again. Peter smiled.

"I tell you," said Roger, "we'll sneak in the side way. Give 'em a surprise, huh?"

"You bet we'll give 'em a surprise," replied Peter, rattling as he walked. The strains of The Limehouse Blues swelled louder as they crept to the deserted side entrance.

"There," said Roger, pausing at last before a door. "Now, Pete, when I say 'Let's go!' and open the door, you just bounce through like a basketball and yell 'Here comes the Wild Man!' It'll be the scream of the evening. Sabrina'll love it!"

"But how about you? You ought to be in it, too, Roger. It doesn't seem fair to——"

"No, big boy—this is your party!" said Roger, modestly. He stooped over for a moment, arranging his tie apparently. Then he straightened up, his back to Peter, whose muscles set for a spring.

"All right; let's go!" he said suddenly, and flung open the door.

"Here comes the Wild Man!" cried Peter, and, leaping through the opening like a flying fish, he slipped, skidded, and fell squarely in the middle of the ballroom floor with a tremendous clash of chains. A terrified, feminine shriek greeted his abrupt arrival. The music stopped as if it had been strangled.

"Great, wandering daughters!" said a horror-stricken voice.

PETER, dazedly sitting in the middle of the floor, looked around him. Sabrina was there—yes, and the others—but their faces betrayed neither admiration nor recognition. Then the horrible truth overcame him. He moaned aloud. It was not a costume party—far from it. It was the Follansbees' official midsummer dance, and the Follansbees were the stiffest people in the colony, and everyone present was clad in the most correct of correct evening dress.

Peter squatted for a moment speechless, hearing a dreadful buzz arise—a buzz in which he caught ominous phrases. "Who is he?" "He's oiled to the eyelashes!" "Throw him out!" He could have sobbed like a child, but there was no time for sobbing. He saw Sabrina recognize him and whiten and close her lips. Then he saw Mr. Follansbee Senior and the Follansbee boys start shouldering their way through the crowd, their faces grim.

For a wild moment Peter thought of trying to explain. But how could he? The Follansbees were almost upon him when, galvanized into action, he leaped to his feet and made for the nearest window like a hunted springbok. The crowd shrank back before him as he jangled his chains, and in a moment he was out on the porch, stumbling and running.

Not even the sight of the treacherous Roger, shorn of ribbon and mustache, slipping into the ballroom with elaborate unconcern, detained him. He heard a crash behind him and hoped it was Mr.

"Oh, Roger!" said Sabrina, worshiping, "Roger—do do that awfully funny imitation of Jeanne Eagels for Johnny—he's never heard it."

Follansbee, and then he was safe in the darkness, under a sheltering bush.

Peter heard the pursuer wabble about for a time and then return to the club. He heard the music strike up again. He waited till all was safe. Then, rising gingerly from his hiding place, he saw Sabrina, standing alone, not a dozen steps away.

"I thought that was you," she said in an icy whisper. "Well?"

Peter babbled something.

"Oh, don't talk to me," she said. "The only reason I came was to find out if you could get home alone. After all," she added bitterly, "you have been our guest. I've never been so humiliated in my life! Never! If you were drunk, Peter! or are you drunk?"

"Sabrina, I swear to——"

"No. You're not. You haven't even that excuse. But——"

"Listen, Sabrina—let me explain."

"Explain what?"

"It's all that damn Roger!" said Peter hopelessly.

"Roger!" said Sabrina, flashing. "Roger, indeed! Roger's been perfectly splendid! Mr. Follansbee thought he recognized you, too, and Roger said he couldn't have—that you hadn't arrived; that you'd wired you wouldn't come till later."

"Then nobody—nobody—nobody——"

"No; nobody else knows, if that's what you mean, thanks to Roger. Oh, I've never been so disgusted, and to think—to think—I was glad you were coming back; I—I was looking forward to——"

"Sabrina, were——"

"Yes! I was! Oh, Peter—and we had a picnic all planned for tomorrow—out to Squid Rock—especially for you—and now——"

"But listen, Sabr——"

"Listen? I'm through, Peter Cranbury—through, I tell you! You—you—drinking and saying you were a Wild Man, and—no, you sha'n't take the morning train—then everybody would know. You'll stay, and we'll go on the horrid picnic. And then, if you have any sense of decency, Peter Cranbury, you'll get a telegram as soon as you get back, calling you away. And now, for heaven's sake, go home before anybody sees you! And remember——"

Peter's mouth opened and shut, but no intelligible speech came from it. Sabrina regarded his ruins with dreadful disdain.

"And remember," was her parting shot, "tomorrow you'll go to the picnic in the little launch—with Roger and me—and you'll stay with one of us all day so we can watch you; and if you once start doing anything like—like being a Wild Man I'll—I'll drown you myself!" Then she was gone.

On the doleful walk back from the club a wilted Peter, in the interim of mentally devising Chinese tortures for Roger, thought helplessly of ways of convincing Sabrina. He didn't blame Sabrina for what she had said. He couldn't. He wouldn't have believed the nightmarish events of the evening possible if they hadn't happened to him.

Back at the house Peter slowly and with bitterness divested himself of the apparel of a Wild Man and went gloomily to bed, though not to sleep. The party came back, after hours. He heard their steps and their laughter, and shuddered. He heard Roger go into the next room and go to bed.

It wouldn't be any use getting up and trying

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HARMLESS LAXATIVE
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Your Constipated Child Needs "California Fig Syrup"

Hurry Mother! Even a fretful, feverish, bilious or constipated child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." This gentle, harmless laxative never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

Beauty

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Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

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Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

to black Roger's eyes for him now. Sabrina would never believe. Besides, Roger outweighed him by fifty pounds, and Roger, though fat, was strong. He thought seriously for a moment of cutting Roger's throat with a safety razor while he slept; but, no, that would not be any use either. Nothing was any use. If he could only boil Roger in oil.

A noise disturbed his grim reveries. He tiptoed to the door and listened. It only needed this. Roger was talking in his sleep.

FOR an instant his mind reverted to the safety razor. Then he caught a few words of what Roger was saying. Peter's hands unclinched; he bent his head to listen better.

After a while the ghost of a grin appeared on his face; and when he finally crawled into bed again he felt a little more peaceful.

Early breakfast is a brutal meal at the best of times, and breakfast at the Corys the following morning was no exception. Sabrina was so hectically merry she was always dropping spoons, while the others were sleepy and morose and Peter maintained silence. Only Roger seemed to be in his normal spirits, and even his sly allusions to wild men fell flat.

But if breakfast had been cheerless, Peter's journey to Squid Rock in the little launch with Sabrina and Roger was positively funereal. They had started before the others, who were to go through Deep Channel, and Peter quivered and mentally drew his overcoat around him whenever he caught Sabrina's eye. After a time he went to the bow of the launch and looked at the water and the islands, while Sabrina and Roger carried on a low voiced conversation in the stern. There were a lot of islands to look at, and even the rockiest of them seemed friendly beside Sabrina. Roger was running the launch, of course; Roger always did things so well.

Peter's one remark during the three-hour trip was, "Are you people sure this is really Squid Rock?" when Roger finally swung the boat into a tiny cove.

"Of course it's Squid Rock, isn't it, Roger?" said Sabrina, ignoring Peter.

"Posilutely our destination!" said Roger, guffawing.

Sabrina addressed the air. "Roger knows these islands extremely well," she said.

"Well, what'll we fight about till the rest of the gang shows up?" said Roger, once on shore, pretending to stumble.

"I suppose we'd better get some wood for the fire," Sabrina replied.

Peter jumped up from the sand with a helpful air.

"Yes, Roger, you and I will get the wood," continued Sabrina. Again she addressed the air. "Mr. Cranbury can amuse himself as he pleases."

Mr. Cranbury amused himself by skipping stones in the water and watching the sky cloud over, while Roger and Sabrina gathered fuel.

"Guess that's enough," said Roger, stretching. Sabrina glanced a trifle worriedly at the sky. It did look like rain.

"I wonder where the others are?" she said. "They ought to have been here long ago."

"Guess they're at Squid Rock!" said Roger. "Ha, ha, ha!"

She stared at him.

"Roger! But isn't this Squid Rock?"

But Roger was slapping himself and explaining that it was the biggest joke yet.

"Sure, this is Squid Rock, Sabrina—Little Squid! But Big Squid's way over there—three, four miles—and that's where they have gone; they asked how to get there and I told 'em—yeah, little Roger told 'em," he chanted. "Oh, Sabrina, you'll laugh yourself to death when you hear all about it; and Sabrina—Sabrina, we've got all the lunch!"

SABRINA did laugh, but dutifully, and rather more because of Peter's reproving gaze than from any innate mirth.

"You are so funny, Roger!" she said dubiously. "But, after all, as soon as they see they've made a mistake they'll come right over here, won't they?"

"Oh, no, they won't!" chortled Roger. "I fixed their gas!"

"Fixed their gas!"

"Oh, leave it to little Roger—they had just about enough gas to get to Big Squid all right. And I switched the spare cans on them this morning—they've got two cans of water instead of gas. Oh, Lordy, wait till they try to run the engine on that!" wheezed Roger, delightedly. "They'll be stuck there for the day, see—without any lunch—and they'll know it, and then, Oh, some time this afternoon, we come chugging over and —'look at the little marooners,' we say—'look at the little Crusoes—what's the matter with you—you went to the wrong rock,' we say, and——"

"And if you ask me what I say!" said Peter, tensely, "I'd say it was a pretty crummy trick—and they will, too!"

Till then, Roger's gasping recital had left Sabrina undecided. But now she stiffened.

"I wasn't aware that your opinion was requested, Mr. Cranbury," she said with ferocious hauteur. "I think it's very funny. Let's get out the lunch, Roger."

"Say," said Roger, a little later, "that's funny—I thought we had two lunch baskets—say——" He stared into the lunch hamper with startled eyes. Then he began to

root in it feverishly. "Oh, Lord!" came a muffled voice, after a pause.

"What's the matter, Roger?"

"It—it's funny," said Roger pallidly. "I must have gotten the wrong basket. There seems as if there were only knives and plates and things in this one!"

"Really," said Peter, and chuckled melodiously. "Well—I'm not hungry."

"Well, I am," said Sabrina, suddenly doleful, and sat down upon the sand. "Isn't there even a hard boiled egg in that basket, Roger?"

"Nary a one, fair princess," said Roger with oppressive cheerfulness. He whistled. "Don't see how I ever—but say—that's all right—we'll just start the launch up and skip over to the other island—they'll be sure to have waited lunch for us." He fiddled with the motor, repeating, "Yeah, they'll be sure to have waited lunch."

"Be a good joke if they hadn't, wouldn't it?" said Peter to the rocks and the sea.

The motor turned over, coughed weakly, and died again.

"Oh, Roger!" said Sabrina, sharply. "What is the matter now?"

"Absotively nichts, pretty lady," said Roger, in his jovial way, "just hard to—well, well, well—there we have it at last—no more gas—so we'll just fill her up a trifle and——"

Peter had strolled down to the edge of the cove, an interested spectator. He spoke as Roger was about to tilt a can.

"Are you quite sure that's gas?" he said.

"Well, brother, it doesn't smell like molasses!"

"You made a mistake about the lunch baskets, you know," said Peter, and Sabrina, now obviously perturbed, followed with, "Oh, of course it's gas, but—taste it, Roger."

Roger tasted. Then he tasted again. Then his face whitened, slowly.

"Judah!" he said.

"*Is it water, Roger?*" said Sabrina, terribly. The skies were definitely lowering now—and a raindrop had just splashed upon her nose.

"Water it is, child of the angels," said Roger, his gay heart undaunted. "But there's another can here—Judah!—it's water, too!"

"Well, what are we going to do?" said Sabrina, after a distressing pause. A fine rain was beginning to fall on the dejected lunch basket, and it did not seem to heighten her spirits.

"Roger could imitate Jeanne Eagels for us," said Peter, wickedly.

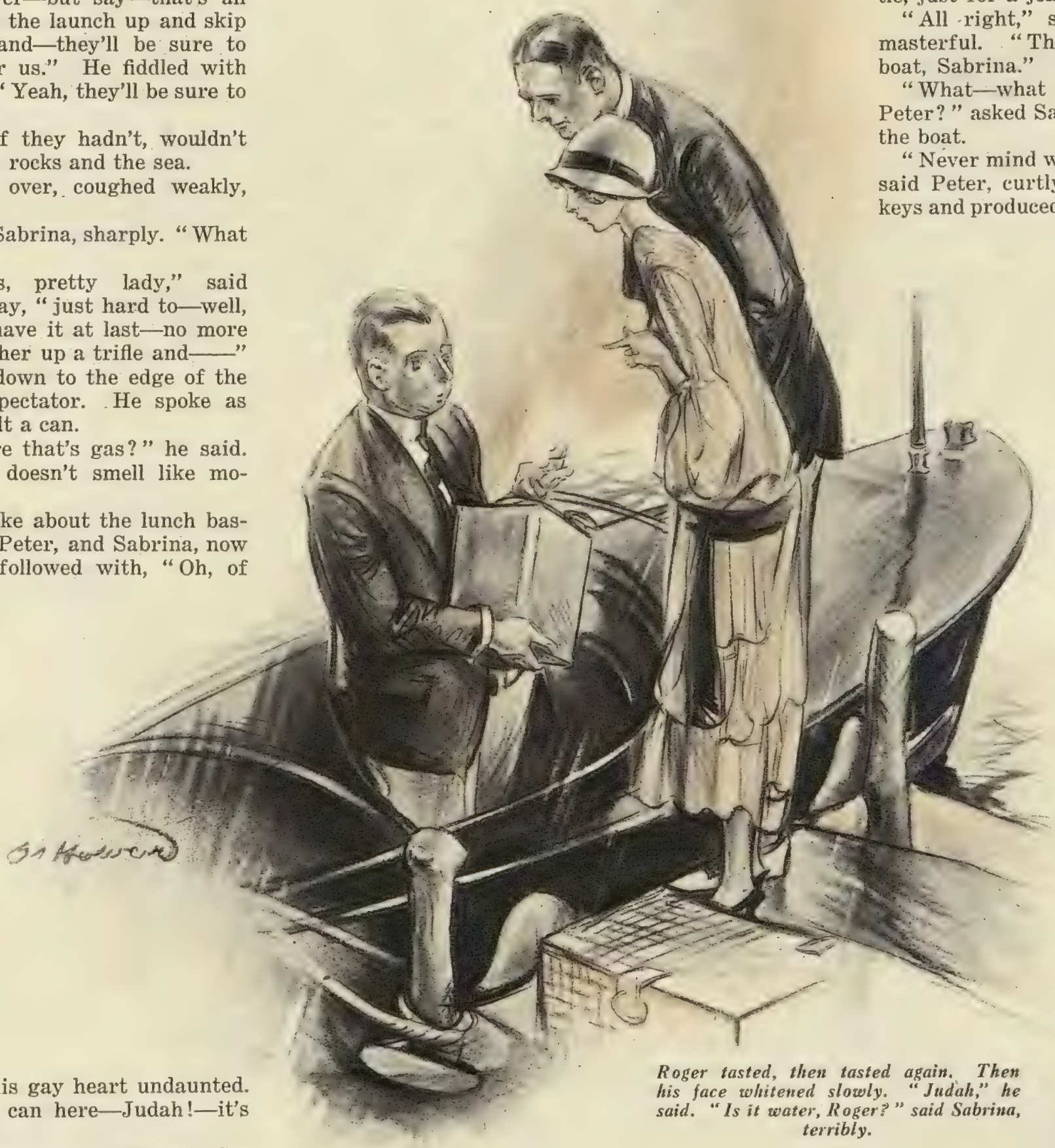
Sabrina stamped her foot. "Oh, Roger Raleigh, how can you be such a fool? What are we going to do?" and the eyes she turned upon him were no longer eyes of admiration.

"Do?" said Roger helplessly, "Do? Stay, I guess."

"There's a boathouse over there on Frew's Island," said Peter, ingenuously. "If somebody could swim over—and get a boat—and borrow some gas from the caretaker. It isn't far."

"Roger, are you going to swim over to that boathouse?"

"But Sabrina——"

"Well, it's all your fault, isn't it?" said Sabrina, hotly. "And my clothes are getting simply ruined—this is simply awful—and I'll sit here with my back turned while you change behind that rock."

Roger tasted, then tasted again. Then his face whitened slowly. "Judah," he said. "Is it water, Roger?" said Sabrina, terribly.

WHEN Roger appeared in his bathing suit—bathing having been part of the picnic program—the rain had settled to a steady, nasty drizzle. He shivered, testing the water.

"It's c-c-cold," he said.

"Is it?" said Sabrina, unsympathetically. "Well, Roger, you won't mind it, you're fat."

The remark did not seem to comfort Roger greatly as he splashed his way around the point. When Roger's head had disappeared temporarily Peter arose.

"Roger's jokes are awfully funny, aren't they?" he said.

"Oh, don't talk to me about Roger! I h-hate him!" said Sabrina, viciously.

"Do you hate him, really?" said Peter, a light in his eyes.

"I—I loathe him—Mr. Cran—Oh, Peter, I simply loathe him!"

"Well, then, maybe you'll believe he framed up that whole business on me last night?" said Peter. "Maybe you'll believe he told me it was a costume party—just for a joke—and——"

"Oh, Peter," said Sabrina, fervently, "I believe he's the kind of person that would put red pepper in a baby's bottle, just for a joke!"

"All right," said Peter, suddenly masterful. "Then you get in that boat, Sabrina."

"What—what are you going to do, Peter?" asked Sabrina as she got into the boat.

"Never mind what I'm going to do," said Peter, curtly. He fumbled with keys and produced a can marked "gasoline" from a hidden locker.

"Oh, Peter!" said Sabrina, adoringly, "is it gas?"

"You bet it's gas," said Peter. "Oh, he switched everything all right, but I switched it back. Ah, there she goes!" as the faithful motor responded. "Head for Big Squid Rock, Sabrina, and"—he tossed her his coat, "put that around you. We will be over there in no time—with luck—and there's lots of lunch——"

"But, Peter," said Sabrina, timidly, a little later, "aren't we going to—to pick up Roger?"

"He's made Frew's Island," said Peter, gazing through the rain. "I can see him. There's a nice boathouse on Frew's Island; or he can go up to the caretaker who'll probably think Roger's crazy, but he may give Roger some clothes. Maybe he'll even take him home."

"But Peter——"

"Listen to me!" said Peter, turning. "Do you want to go along with me—or shall I land you at the island where you can hear that big false alarm imitate Jeanne Eagels? And is he getting what he deserves or not?"

There was a moment's pause, then—"Oh, Peter, of course I want to go along with you—and he is!" said Sabrina, meekly.

"All right," said Peter. "Come down here, then—there's something I want to hand you."

"Oh, Peter," said Sabrina, a moment later, "I'm sorry it's such a rainy kiss, Peter, dear."

THE END

HE *DID* HIS BEST

That's the Familiar Alibi When Someone Blunders---But Is It the Truth?

By PAUL L. KINKEAD

"WELL, what have you to say about it?" The boss looked steadily at the young man who was standing uneasily across from him.

"Nothing," replied the young man nervously, "except that I did my best."

"Very well."

The boss' jaw clicked and he bent to his work, closing the consultation during which he had attempted to get some explanation of why a piece of work which meant much to the concern had been bungled.

The young man left the room. The boss scratched a succinct note on a pad of paper. The note said: "Mr. Jones, please transfer Mr. Brown to some department where he can do no harm. He is another of those 'I did my best' fellows."

I inquired what it meant.

"Just this," he said sharply. "Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the fellow who says 'I did my best' did not do his best. The man who really does the best he can never has any need of an alibi like that and never uses it."

This man's theory interested me. I inquired about it in other establishments. "I did my best" appeared to be the alibi of weaklings.

There was one instance which I followed through. A man was assigned to attend to a road contract in western Pennsylvania. He was representing a bonding company. The company had bonded a contractor to do a certain bit of road work and he had failed to fulfill his contract. It was up to the bonding company either to complete it or forfeit the bond.

This man was sent out to straighten out the little tangle and to get the bonding company off with as small a loss as possible. He consulted the bank which had backed the contractor and he figured it a hopeless case. He figured that the best way out of it was for the bank to take its loss and the bonding company to assume the contract and escape with as light a loss as possible. He reported to his company that he had done his best.

The moment the boss saw that "I have done my best" he summoned another man. The latter went to the bank and learned the amount of loss it would sustain. He figured that, if the bank would extend the credit of the contractor, it would lessen its loss, maintain the credit of the contractor, and enable the company to escape without loss.

The man stood back of the bank. The bank, already "in" more than eighty thousand dollars, agreed to extend twenty thousand dollars additional credit. The contractor was enabled to finish the job, and his loss was about two thousand dollars instead of fifteen thousand dollars and his credit. The bank broke even, besides getting about twelve per cent on its money, and the bonding company was out just the expenses of the two men it had sent to fix up the trouble.

When called upon to report the first fellow said: "Well, I did the best I could," and the second said: "Here's what I did; if it isn't all right you'd better get another man."

After due consideration the boss decided that the fellow who said "I did my best" hadn't done his best and the other fellow had.

THE END

Life Insurance *and* Football

By H. F.

ANY football team that plays Princeton this fall also will have to overcome a psychological shock. Bill Roper, the famous coach of Princeton, has gone into the life insurance business. Bill is planning to combine business and pleasure. Imagine the Yale team in its dressing room before the Princeton game, nervous, fretting under the strain of waiting. Just as they are nearing the breaking point of nerves Roper will appear in their quarters and say:

"Now you fellows ought to make some provision for your families before this game starts. You know what is likely to happen out there. I am offering one of the finest life insurance policies ever written. If you get killed we pay full face value, and double if you die on the field.

"During your total disability we will pay you fifteen dollars a week for each thousand dollars of insurance, and insure you full face value of the policy free for the short remainder of your life if the total disability is permanent."

What chance would Yale have?

THE END

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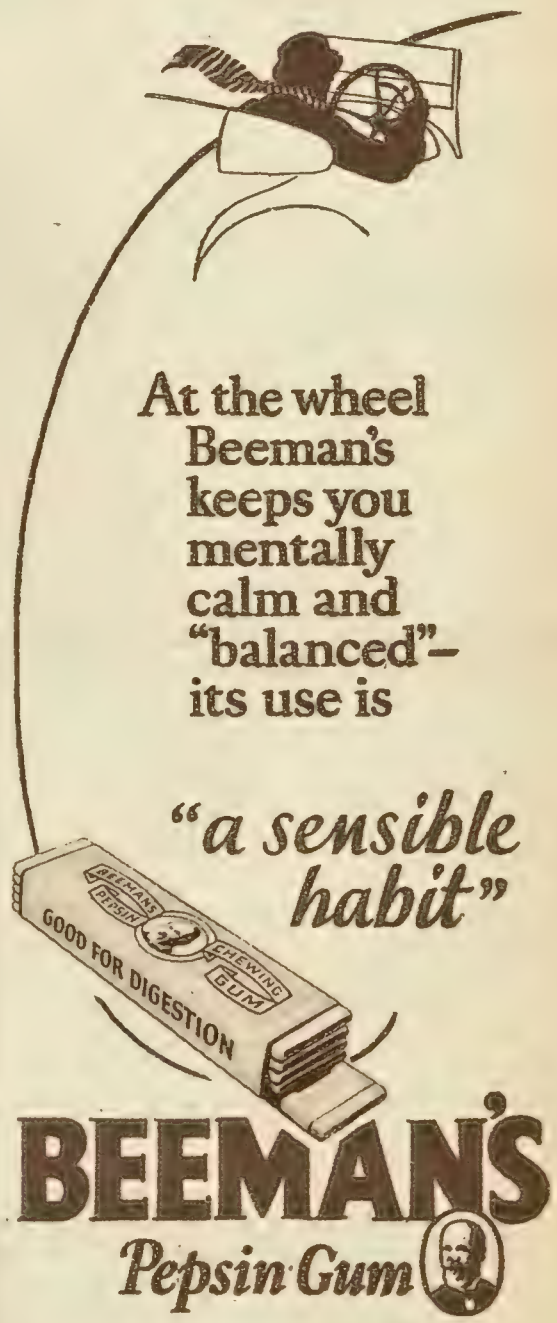
HOHNER HARMONICAS



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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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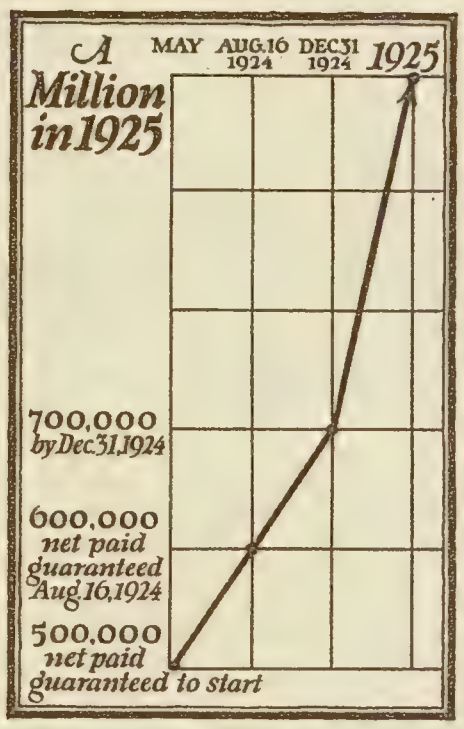

Liberty Circulation

Liberty, in five months, has achieved what it has taken other magazines many years to accomplish. Liberty started with 500,000 net paid circulation and lived up to it. 600,000 was guaranteed August 16, and excess delivered. 700,000 is guaranteed by December 31, 1924, and 1,000,000 will be reached in 1925!

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

A Million in 1925!

The DANGER POINT

By JIM and KATHLEEN

Black Looks, a Grouch, No Word Between Husband and Wife for Days! Who Will Rule? Will Love Win or Is There to Be a Smashup?

Picture by FREDERIC ANDERSON

JIM—I regret all that happened. But "I will fight it out along this line if it takes all summer."

The Wife's Side of the Question—By Kathleen

I DON'T understand Jim.

He shows not the least bit of repentance about last Sunday. It does not seem to mean anything to him that his disregard for my feelings about fast driving made me prefer to get out of our car and walk, rather than go on driving with him; and that when I did get out, I had to walk alone over a country road when night was coming on, and then to go on for hours, transferring on trolleys and the subway, when I should have been riding with him in the car, in decency and comfort.

For four days now we have hardly spoken.

I've tried to understand his attitude. I can't believe he really can be so inconsiderate—so mean!

I asked him how he possibly could go on like this, without asking my forgiveness, at least. And all he would say was:

"You asked to get out of the car, didn't you?"

"Yes, but why did I?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Of course you know! Because you were driving too fast."

"It was not too fast."

"That's what you say. I say it was."

"Let's not argue."

"Arguing is better than grouching."

"I'm not grouching."

"Well, what are you doing?"

"Keeping still."

And that was the end of that perfect day—Monday.

I had awakened in quite a forgiving mood, though I had been furious the night before, of course. But I had had a good night's rest. All that roaming around had tired me out. I slept like a log. And I woke up perfectly willing to forgive and forget. Only I thought that simple self-respect demanded that I wait for Jim to make the first move.

Well, he didn't make it.

He got up, bathed, shaved, dressed, ate his breakfast and departed without saying one word beyond "Good morning."

Then I knew, of course, he was in one of his grouches. A silent dinner confirmed it. It was just after dinner that I tried to break through, with the result that I have just written.

And that was all for the first day.

The next day—the same thing.

I thought I'd try again. I said:

"Jim, you knew perfectly well that I didn't want to get out of that car and walk!"

"You said you did."

"Yes, but you knew I didn't."

His only answer to this was a grunt. So I went on:

"You knew I said that simply to make it register with you that your driving really was too fast for me—that I wasn't just pretending."

"Oh! You thought you'd pretend something to prove you weren't pretending something else."

"Jim, don't be nasty! I'm just trying to make you understand."

A grunt. Those grunts. They surely take it out of me. But I was resolved not to be downed, yet.

"JIM, didn't it make you feel bad, the least bit, to drive off and leave me there on that road alone, when you knew that——"

"But good Heavens! You said you wanted to!"

"Yes, but——"

"Oh, let's not go over it all again!"

That was Tuesday. That was the last word we have said to each other. This is Thursday.

I may have said, or tried to say, some little remark or other. But Jim hasn't said anything to me except grunts.

It's the worst grouch he's ever had.

The atmosphere of the house is like a tomb—a cold, gray tomb. It makes me want to scream out and fly. And when I think I've got to stay in it, it makes me want to die.

Grouch! What an expressive word. The first part of it like grumpy, and glower, and grumble, and gloom. The last part of it—just a cry of hurt, of pain.

As I sit here in the heavy silence between us I think of all the women who have lived their lives out in the shadow of grouchy husbands. Those old grouchy husbands of a generation or two ago. It was very popular then. Those baffled conciliatory wives, who looked out of timid eyes and addressed their husbands as "Mister."

Not so long ago, I remember, I happened to read a report on the marriages of the graduates of one of our great and old universities. It was noticeable that the men of the earlier days usually had a sequence of wives—two, three, four, sometimes five. And, as divorce was practically unknown in their status of society then, it meant that these many women had died in the loving care of this one man. A commentator, studying the report, had put forth as his surmise, for the reason for this curious statistic—the many children that women of that day bore, and the dangers of childbirth then.

But I have another idea. I think those women died, quite simply, from the prevalence of grouch in the men of those days.

KATHLEEN—As I sit here in the heavy silence between us I think of all the women who have lived their lives out in the shadow of grouchy husbands.

Eighth Episode, Complete in Itself, of a Series Entitled

This MARRIAGE BUSINESS

The Husband's Side of the Question—By Jim

I THINK I can see something like a serious smash impending. It is no mere little rift that can be passed over. I could stop it, I suppose, by acting against my better judgment. That would not be for the best.

It has come to a distinct clash of inclination, temperament, or whatever you want to call it. I dislike the word "temperament." It always seemed to me that it is the franker word for temper. Also, it has been used to cover a multitude of sins of omission and commission. But, whatever it is, the thing seems to have happened. Looking it in the face and trying to give myself all the worst of it, I cannot see where I am much to blame, if I am to blame at all.

Since that disastrous motor ride Kathleen has maintained this conspiracy of silence. There is the woman of it. I let her do what she said she wanted to do. I felt it was silly at the time, but in yielding I think I showed my indulgence. She wanted to do something silly, or said she did. I let her do it. The reward is black looks and silence.

She has told me frequently she wanted to do her own thinking, that she was not one of those women who wanted the husband to do the family thinking. I think she quoted a little of the Doll's House at me, that business about being first of all a human being. In the matter of the motor ride I certainly treated her as a reasonable and reasoning human being. If a man friend of mine had told me he wanted to get out and take a trolley I would have said, "Very well. Go ahead." That is exactly what I did with Kathleen.

There seems to be something symbolic about that motor ride. I must ride fast to get any kick out of it. I must work fast. I must live fast. That is my nature. I am not a plodder. I have no desire to be a plodder. Whether it is work or play, I must go through it on the high.

Two people cannot drive the same car.

What fool was it that said this marriage business was an equal partnership? There is no such thing as an equal partnership in any sort of business. When a disagreement comes one partner must dominate and decide. The other must yield to save the partnership.

Of course, the matter of a motor ride on a day off is nothing of any consequence. But it is because of what might develop from a matter of no consequence that I was firm then. I felt that I must not be moved by Kathleen's charm and my regard for her in too many little things, or I might fall into the habit of yielding.

In the big game I am playing a man must not yield. He must not get himself into the way of being swayed from his better judgment or even his mere inclinations. Inclinations influence the judgment and, when one permits his inclinations to be bent or tampered with, he weakens the foundations upon which his judgment is built.

I REGRET all that happened. I regret it most sincerely. But as one great general said, "I will fight it out along this line if it takes all summer."

It will be no easy fight. I know Kathleen. I know that firm little chin. I know the steadfastness which is in her eyes and in her soul. And now, in spite of the petty irritations, in spite of the look of anger she flashed at me, a look in which there seemed even to be a shade of hatred, I am as fond of her as I ever was.

I am telling myself I am doing all of this for her own good. For to make us happy and secure, I must have success. Perhaps she will be able to see that later. She must be made to. To win success I must fight this fight in my own way.

Later it may be possible to drive this car at a pace that will suit the frailer occupant, but now it is my decision that I must step on the gas. I cannot tarry to look at the scenery. That will come later, but it is entirely dependent upon my not tarrying now.

Oh, yes! I know all about that drivel about driving along the road of life together, but on the road of life one must keep both hands on the steering gear, and the pace is much faster than thirty miles any hour. That is, it is faster until you can afford to make it slower.

But right now I am thinking of Kathleen's stubbornness. Wait. Let me be fair and more gracious and call it firmness.

Sometimes I am afraid that this little smash may be only the prelude to a bigger smash—the real smash. I hate to think of that. But in the mood I am in I think that I have done the only thing I could have done. It's brutal. It's unfair. Still, in spite of all the theories to the contrary a man must be the master of his home as well as of himself and his business.

Equal suffrage, equal education; all the chatter and all the theories cannot change that. One must rule and the ruler must be the one most fit to rule. I tell myself now, it is out of regard for Kathleen, my hope for her happiness and her future that I make this stand. And I believe women like to be ruled. That has not changed since the cave days. Only they like to be ruled now by the masculine will instead of the crude club of the cave man. This is not pleasant or comfortable, and there is just a little feeling of resentment toward Kathleen now, but that will pass.

"This can't go on!" That is Kathleen's cry, and it brings the quarrel of Jim and Kathleen to a crisis. Read about it soon in Liberty—"The Parting."

CHARACTER ANALYSIS OF FOOTBALL STARS

JOHN HAWKINS, quarterback of the University of Southern California, who is credited with 147 consecutive goal kicks after touchdown without a miss, gets his power from his driving ambition. One glance at his high skull shows that he will drive himself relentlessly to attain any goal he sets himself. But his ambition is controlled by a cool head and remarkable steadiness. The rounded ears are the hall-mark of this trait in his character. They mark him as a man who never will take an unnecessary chance. These qualities insure that he will rarely miss a goal, in football or in life. Photo © U. & U.

HAROLD ("RED") GRANGE, the phenomenal halfback of the University of Illinois, shows unmistakably the traits which are making him one of football's greatest stars. The squareness of his face indicates the man of rapid action. But there is a hint of the oval contour underlying the squareness, proving that his activity is controlled by keen powers of abstract thought. His lips show susceptibility to flattery and applause. Cheering crowds spur him mightily. Photo © U. & U.

EDMUND COFFIN STOUT, JR., end and captain of Princeton's Tigers, shows philosophical and mental traits to an astonishing degree. His concave profile marks him unmistakably as the thinker, the man who will watch, study, plan, even when the play is at its hottest. His chin and jaws mark the man of rapid action. For detecting weaknesses in opponents and profiting by them, no temperament could be better—particularly in a captain. Photo © U. & U.

WHAT GIVES THE ABILITY TO FIGHT AND WIN?

R. W. POND, Yale's stellar fullback, is the lover of his fellow-men. He likes the feel of the crowd, the rush and power of concerted action. This trait, coupled with keen insight into men and their motives, shows in his broad humanitarian forehead, with its unmistakable evidence of Celtic and Nordic blood combined. He has rounded, "stay at home" ears, and therefore is not of the reckless, adventurous type.

U. & U. Photo.

GEORGE PFANN, Cornell's sterling quarterback of last year, who scored more points than any other eastern player of 1923, is a d'Artagnan of football. His profile is unmistakably that of the man who acts first and thinks afterward. This is the secret of his stellar ability—for when his impulses suggest the right thing, as they undoubtedly do in football, he is a veritable flash, unbeatable by men who cannot act with equal speed. His long ears betoken the adventurer, and this trait adds daring to his play. © J. P. Troy.

JOHN LEVI, the Haskell Indian who was the greatest point-scorer in the west last year, is of pure motive type, the kind of man who blasts his way through with sheer speed and power. The square-cut, powerful lower face could belong to no other temperament. He shows also the mark of the Indian temperament in his rounded ears, unmistakably those of the man who clings to his home surroundings. His nose, broad in the lower portion, indicates a love of ease and enjoyment. This slows him up except when his motive nature is fully aroused.

Captions by Selby Maxwell, Noted Physiognomist

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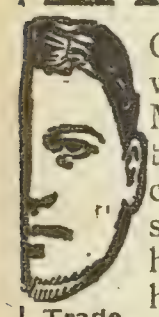
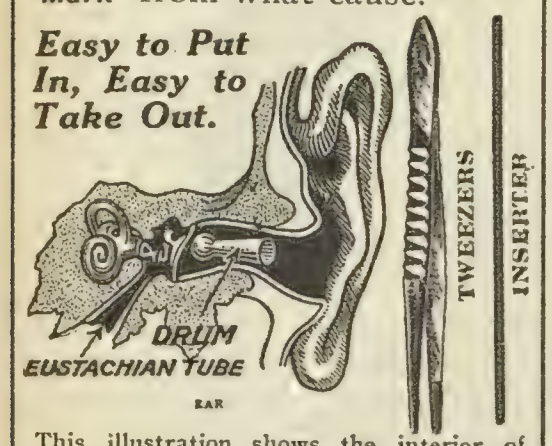
Leonard Invisible
EAR DRUMS



Trade Mark

Cannot be seen when worn and are Tiny Megaphones. Of course they do not help every case but they are very successful in improving hearing and relieving head noises, no matter from what cause.

Easy to Put In, Easy to Take Out.



This illustration shows the interior of the human ear with the Leonard Ear Drum in position. The auditory canal is the entrance to the ear and is about 1½ inches long, ending where my ear drum head connects with the natural drum, as shown. You can see how impossible it is for my artificial ear drum to become lost in the ear or to be pushed in too far, and how easily it fits against the natural drum.

To put the drum in position it is just slipped over the top of the inserter and placed in the ear, as shown. The inserter is then withdrawn and the drum remains in the ear in position.

To remove the drum it is simply grasped by the tweezers and withdrawn. Any one can do it.

Write for information and booklet to

A. O. LEONARD, Inc.
Suite 12, 70 Fifth Ave., New York

IS It a RELIEF to SWEAR?

A Timely Discussion of the Different Styles in Profanity, and the Harm or Benefit to Be Gained from Their Adoption, with a Moral Tale or Two Tacked On

By W. A. D.

ALEC RICE, who ran the grocery store in our town, had a son, George, who used to make his father swear. George had the failing habit; he always managed to fail his father when needed most. And Alec used to drop everything at such times and walk across the street and lean against one of the big poplar trees in front of Henry Engle's house and swear and weep at the same time.

It was so pathetic that the women folk didn't seem to mind Alec's swearing. They'd pat him on his back and say:

"There, there, Alec; don't take on so. It won't do a mite of good."

Of course, Alec never used the sort of profanity that makes your blood run cold, and he never used filthy expressions. His favorite cuss was darndam. If he was very angry he'd say "hell" or "by hell" or "tarnal damnation on't," and he could use those words with more feeling than anybody I've ever heard swear.

"Hell's cantaloupe!" he'd cry with tears coursing down his cheeks. "Where's that darndam son of mine, tarnal damnation on't. Here 'tis Wednesday mornin', with everybody buyin' for the day knowin' the store closes Wednesday afternoon all summer, and not hide or hair of that darndam George."

Defending swearing, however, is a difficult assignment. Men (and women) swear by habit, unconsciously, dispassionately, and little if any harm is done, especially if those who hear and disapprove on general principles understand the swearer and his lack of venom. Others, however, swear in an intolerable manner—not to be borne by those about them.

Swearing, therefore, is much like singing or even praying, in that it depends to a large extent upon who's doing it.

Dolph Krull kept a cigar store near Alec Rice's grocery, and Dolph had the habit so bad that he used to swear to himself when alone. He used to sit out in front of his store in an old rush-bottom chair, fanning himself with a Baltimore daily paper.

If you wanted a cigar or a plug of tobacco or a bag of shag you'd have to wait on yourself, because Dolph was lazy and would cuss you out if you insisted that he help you.

"Howdy, Dolph; got any smokin' tobacco?"

No answer from Dolph who was fanning himself out under the tree.

"Dolph, there ain't any smokin' tobacco in the showcase. I want a cigar, too."

"I ain't got anything you can't see," Dolph would say, throwing in a few cusses. "What kind of a cigar are you after?"

"Napoleon."

"Ain't got none," Dolph would shout, swearing horribly, although he had several boxes of Napoleons in a cupboard somewhere. He was too lazy to get up and find them.

One day a stranger came into the store and stood at the counter for five minutes tapping the showcase with a coin to attract Dolph's attention. Dolph knew he was there, and he knew that Dolph was out under the tree fanning himself with that Baltimore newspaper.

Finally the stranger yelled:

"Hey, how about waiting on me?"

Dolph cussed him out from Dan to Beersheba for hollering, but Dolph didn't get out of his chair. That made the stranger mad, and he came out and cussed back. He cussed Dolph with words Dolph had never heard before. The old boy was fascinated by the stranger's profanity. For five or ten minutes the stranger cussed Dolph up hill and down, not letting Dolph get a word in edgeway.

Finally Dolph scrambled to his feet and extended his hand, which the stranger took. He not only went into the store and waited on the man but he refused to take the man's money.

"I'm sure glad to meet you, stranger," said Dolph. "This is a mighty small town and it does my heart good to meet an intelligent, educated man now and then. How long do you aim to be in town?"

THE END

Corns

Lift Off—No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

"Permit Me, MRS. President!"

Sounds odd, doesn't it? Yet not at all impossible. What are the chances for a woman in the White House? Read—

WHY NOT A WOMAN PRESIDENT?

by

JACK BECHDOLT

in next Wednesday's

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

at all newsstands

5c

Liberty Is Paying
$500 *in Cash Prizes Every Week*
For Last Lines to Limericks

AN EXTRAORDINARY CONTEST
Open to Every Man, Woman, Boy, and Girl

This Week's Winners

who share in the big prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of Oct. 4. The Limerick read as follows:

A lion went hunting one day,
Where zebras and antelopes play;
But a vigilant deer
Saw the lion draw near
"....."

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

"And fled, lest he be the entree."

Written by
E. Wayne Williams, Central Y. M. C. A., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

"But the lion saw her first—sad to say!"

Written by
Gerald E. O'Rourke, P. O. Box 355, Dubuque, Iowa.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

"And fled, to the lion's dismay."

Written by
H. T. Richards, 3608 Jackson Ave., El Paso, Tex.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

"So took to her heels and away."

Written by Annette M. Shugert,
Room 205 Brown Hall, Ohio State University, Columbus, O.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

"And heard the poor zebra's last neigh."

Written by K. W. Dittmer, Westerville, Ohio.

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

A LIMERICK is a Jingle in which the last line rhymes with the first two. Anyone can write them. In this contest Liberty prints the first four lines of a new Limerick on this page every week. All you have to do is to supply the last line. It's an easy and fascinating way to earn money. Note the date when this week's contest closes and send in your line at once. You may win any of the following big awards.

The PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$250
SECOND PRIZE	100
THIRD PRIZE	75
FOURTH PRIZE	50
FIFTH PRIZE	25

Here Is Next Week's Limerick

All Last Lines for THIS Limerick Must Reach Us Not Later Than Midnight, November 8

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest
$500 a Week in Cash Prizes

Jay Walker was crossing the street
When a car knocked him clear off his feet,
He yelled for a cop
Who came on the hop,
"....."

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to—

LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty*,
P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY .....STATE.....

(Issue of Nov. 1)

8th of a series of photographs showing LIBERTY'S National Organization of Boy Salesmen.

Not all of Oscar Randolph's Liberty Salesmen are represented in this photograph, but you will agree they are a happy little crowd. They live in Danville, Illinois.

boys ~earn money ~every week ~and prizes, too

This Coupon brings full details Send it today

How would you like to make a tidy sum of money — every week — and make it easily, just selling *Liberty Magazine?*

Of course, who wouldn't? Thousands of other boys are, and think it's great. It will give you spending money and help you buy the many things a boy always is wanting to have—but that's not all.

Free Prizes Given, Too!

Think of it! First—You make your regular money selling *Liberty Magazine.* Second—You have a fine chance to get prizes: skates, bicycles, football outfits, 4-tube, long distance radio outfits, watches, saxophones—just dozens of prizes, all the very highest grade obtainable. Don't miss this chance.

Easy Work — Short Hours

Millions of people read *Liberty Magazine.* It's very easy to sell. You can work one day a week, every day, or just after school, as you please. No interference with school or play. Work right in your own neighborhood. Ask Dad and Mother about it!

Any Boy Can Do It

No experience needed. No money needed. Just send the coupon and we will have our thoroughly reliable distributor in your locality furnish you with everything you need—carrier bag, magazines, and instructions. You can start right in the first day. You don't have to go out of your own neighborhood. Begin making money at once and get your chance at the wonderful prizes.

Steady Income — How to Start

In a short time you will have a regular route established which will pay you a handsome weekly income.

Liberty contains everything people want in a magazine—short stories, serials, special articles, fashions, patterns, and fun — all for *5c.*

Wide-awake boys will quickly grasp this opportunity. It's clean, easy work; short hours; real money and free prizes. Don't you wait! Fill in the coupon, mail it at once and we will promptly send you all particulars.

Liberty

TRIBUNE SQUARE,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....

State.....

CURING BAD BOYS By MAKING Them COPS

You Will Admit That All Records Are Smashed When Lively American Kids Give Up Their Halloween Pranks to Become Police-men! This Article Tells How It Is Done

By HUGH FULLERTON

IF YOU want to make a "bad" boy a "good" boy, give him responsibility. Modern students of the boy problem declare that, with the exception of a few mental deficients, there is no such thing as a bad boy. A "bad boy," according to them, is a boy with an excess of vitality, and a "good boy" is too likely to be one suffering from poor health or low vitality.

Their studies of boys have led to the conclusion that the old saying that the worst boys make the best men contains much truth, even if not strictly true.

A study of the health conditions of the types known as the "Sunday school boy" and the "mamma's boy" leads to the conclusion that it contains the same elements, mentally and morally, as the "rowdy" and the "bad boy"—without the physical and nervous energy to execute.

Statistics from various communities, both large cities and small towns, show that the "bad boys" become either the best men or the lawdefying ones. Of fifty "bad boys" whose careers were traced by Y. M. C. A. students of boy psychology thirty-eight achieved far more than average success in life, two became notorious criminals, five others fell afoul the law, and the others lapsed into mediocrity. Of fifty "good boys" (so rated in school) only two became law breakers, and fewer than ten achieved anything beyond mediocrity.

THE safety valve for the so-called "bad boy" is declared to be responsibility, and recent experiments have proved this to be true.

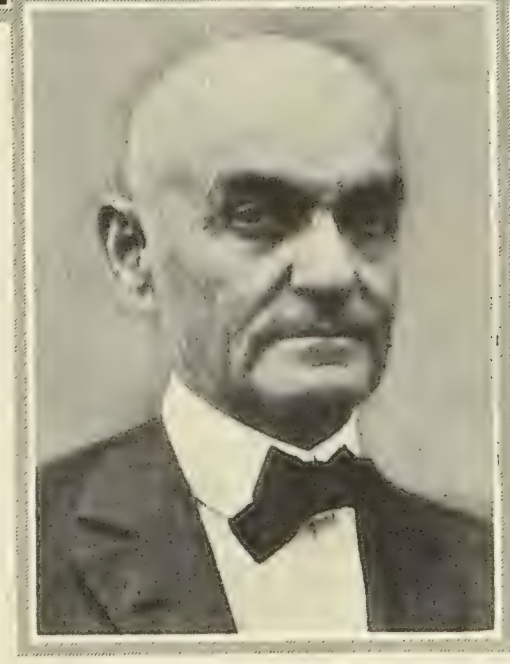
Two experiments on a large scale, one in Omaha, Nebraska, and one in Chicago, have produced results which have stirred interest among the students of "boyolgy" all over the world.

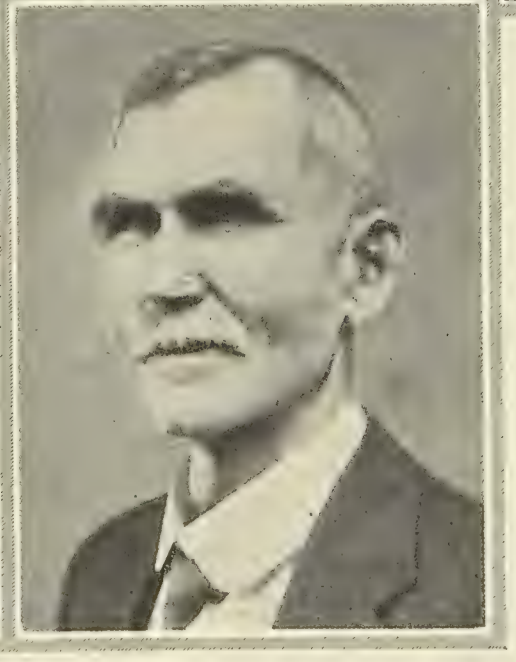
In Omaha two hundred of the boy leaders, boys full of life and spirit and pep, were appointed policemen to assist the regular police force to maintain order on Halloween, with such remarkable success that Mayor Jim Dahlman, the "Cowboy Mayor," and his cabinet have decided to continue the experiment and enlarge upon it.

In the Chicago experiment even more interesting results were achieved, perhaps because the direct result could be more readily seen.

Joseph Stein, manager of a chain of neighborhood moving picture theaters, had trouble with the boys in every house he opened. The youngsters were the first to enter a theater; they seized upon the front seats, gathered in groups, and proceeded to "have fun." For some time they created serious disturbances by shouting, scuffling, and acting in a rowdy manner. Stein, knowing that his patronage came from neighborhoods immediately surrounding his theaters, and also that parents are likely to take the side of their boys in any dispute, did not want to put out the boys.

Stein was something of a student of boy psychology. When he opened his Northwest Theater he decided upon a plan. He took a seat among the boys on the opening night and spotted four who were the leaders. He called the house policeman and had the four brought to the office. Instead of scolding he told them how much trouble the boys made, that he had noticed they were the leaders among the group of boys, and that he would appoint them orderlies to maintain discipline among the others. He gave them season passes and requested that, when they were not able to be present, they delegate some other boy as leader to help maintain order.





Mayor James Dahlman (left) and Chief P. H. Dillon of Omaha. Above—A group of Omaha Junior Halloween police. Front row, left to right—Swend Anderson, Henry Goldenberg, Samuel Ferer, and Harry Ratner. Second row—Harry Rosenberg, Leonard McFarland, Ed Day, and Stanley Messer.

Those four boys rose to the occasion. Disorder ceased. If any boy started anything in that theater he had to account to the orderly outside. Nor would the boys surrender their honors, save at the last extremity, and the kid who managed to persuade one to let him wear his star became an important juvenile personage in that section. The experiment worked so well that it was followed out in many of the neighborhood movie houses, and it had excellent effect upon the behavior of the youngsters even outside.

THE Young Men's Christian Association generally and boys' secretaries have followed much the same theory. In choosing leaders among boy groups they select those who usually are called "bad boys," and claim they are the best.

General Secretary Wiley of the Minneapolis Y. M. C. A., a student of boy psychology, says:

"Some boys are natural leaders. The job is to direct them so that they lead toward good things. Usually the natural leader among kids is regarded as a bad boy simply because he has more life, ingenuity, capacity for mischief, and spirit in him; more pep. Every kid is naturally mischievous, thoughtless, and lacking in consideration of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

others. But put a boy on his honor and give him responsibility, and he is far more likely to remain true to the trust than a grown man. Rightly directed, the mischievous boy becomes a power among other boys, and it is just as easy to let him work off steam doing good as getting into mischief."

MINNEAPOLIS had an experiment along that line a few years ago with most encouraging results. High school contests, especially football, between the Twin Cities had for years been marked by violent outbursts of rowdyism and trouble. Football games were followed by wild orgies. Boys were drunk, were arrested, fought, and were disgraced. Conditions reached a state that threatened to end contests between the two cities' schools.

The Y. M. C. A. suggested a remedy. Leaders were selected among the boys in a sort of big brother move. Those in charge knew that the boys, and girls, too, would resent patronage and assumed no authority. The Big Brothers chose the active leaders among the boys — the highest spirits—and made them aids, explaining that such rowdyism was not sportsmanlike, but was muckerish and wrong.

Inside of two years rowdyism ceased. Football games now end with the students of the defeated school standing and cheering the victors, and the victorious ones marching across to cheer the defeated.

But probably the most extensive and interesting of all the experiments in boy psychology was the Halloween test at Omaha.

Omaha lads usually made Halloween an orgy of mischief and disturbance. The custom had grown until putting the grocer's wagon on top of the barn, greasing the car tracks, stealing gates and garbage cans, letting air out of tires, and generally wrecking things became routine. In 1922 the rowdyism reached great heights. One boy was killed and six other persons were badly injured by the pranks, while much property damage resulted.

Mayor Jim Dahlman knows something about boys and their reaction to authority. He called in Police Commissioner Henry W. Dunn and other civic leaders and a plan was adopted to prevent recurrence of such disorders. The police courts had been filled with youthful offenders, who boasted of their defiance of the law.

The Omaha plan as propounded by Mayor Dahlman was to put the youngsters on their honor, give them responsibility by making them law enforcers instead of law violators.

Halloween meant a two-night session. The plan was formulated and Mayor Dahlman and Commissioner Dunn called for special Halloween police volunteers. The result was that the day before the witches were due to ride the broomsticks the city hall was besieged by volunteers. It looked as if all the "bad boys" in Omaha wanted jobs on the Halloween police force.

"They were the leaders, the natural leaders among the kids," said Mayor Dahlman enthusiastically. "Probably the same kids who led in the mischief in other years, and as fine a bunch of lads as ever assembled."

There were one hundred and seventy-eight volunteers sworn in originally, representing every district of the city and every class of society. The sons of rich parents and the sons of poor almost battled with each other to secure the ribbons marked "Special Halloween Police," which they wore proudly to school. The volunteers pleaded and worked so hard that before the patrolling began more than two hundred boy police were on the job.

The orders to the boy cops were that they were to report any traces of disorder to one of the twenty-five regular policemen on duty. The motorcycle system is used in Omaha, with sixteen motorcycle cops on duty, and a reserve force was held at the stations to answer serious calls.

What the boy cops did to the regular police was cruel and inhuman. They, in the language of the regulars, "ran them ragged." They were so alert that the slightest evidence of noise, disorder, or threatened rowdyism was reported immediately—and for two nights the regulars, the motorcycle cops, and the reserves were kept on the jump.

The most serious prank of the two nights was in the outskirts of town, where boys felled a telephone pole so that it dropped across a roadway. Boy policemen reported the vandalism within two minutes, chased the rowdies, and got police to the scene before there was any further trouble. A pumpkin was heaved through the door of a sedan, breaking the glass. The number of arrests was reduced to ten, all for minor infractions of the ordinances. Three prisoners, all boys, were captured in South Omaha while greasing car tracks, and four boy policemen proudly took them to the station.

THE property damage was reduced to a minimum. Some of the juvenile cops developed Sherlock Holmes instincts of high order. Two captured three boys and, discovering them in possession of a piece of soap, deduced that they were about to soap car tracks. They compromised on confiscating the soap.

Only one boy of the two hundred was disciplined. When things grew dull on his beat this boy joined a crowd of other youngsters and was helping soap car tracks when apprehended by his fellow boy cops. They stripped him of his badge and expelled him from the force.

Two others also lost their badges, but in a different manner. They lost theirs in a desperate fight while on duty. Attacked by a group of young hoodlums, all larger, they stood their ground and fought courageously. The big boys managed to tear off the smaller boys' badges, whereupon the young cops raced to the police station, secured new badges, and returned to ferret out their assailants, one of whom they captured and arrested.

"THE experience has confirmed my opinion of the American boy in every way," was the way Commissioner Dunn expressed himself about the venture. "It proves there is nothing malicious in him, just an intense love for adventure.

"The records of the army and the Boy Scout organizations show the same character of boy, even when grown up, in the majority of cases. All you have to do is bridle him and guide him in the right path. You don't have to tell him how to have fun, but merely suggest it.

"Boys like responsibilities," he continued. "And that is no new discovery. It is increasingly demonstrated in our colleges, prisons, and other institutions where honor systems and student governments prevail.

"Children of today, surrounded by every manner of device that would have been beyond the comprehension of their forefathers, are maturing faster than they did in years back. They must be given responsibilities and pursuits of a nature that demand their interest. If this is not done they will turn their energy to vicious and superficial pastimes."

But another element of psychology enters into the commissioner's reasons for placing law enforcement on the shoulders of youth. He has seen the effectiveness of a volunteer traffic squad, composed of Chamber of Commerce members, which he established.

These results prompted him to attempt the juvenile squadron. The traffic squad's duties are similar in many ways to those of the boys, being to issue court summonses to traffic violators in minor cases and to make arrests for flagrant violations.

They are subject to call for any emergency, and their automobiles are always at the service of the police department. Whenever the volunteer traffic officers are on the streets they are alert for violations.

"It's the desire that seems to prevail in everyone that he likes to play policeman," explained the commissioner, thus supplying the final element of psychology. "Give a man or a boy a badge and authority and he will do anything in his power to become worthy of it. The love for excitement and the chance for a little display of deserved authority grips every one, and grownups are the proof of the rule."

The plans for Omaha's boy cops include a banquet, this provision having been brought to the attention of the police heads with clamorous wails. After their Halloween service groups of boys loitered about the police station. Nobody bothered to learn their mission until three of the youths took it upon themselves to inform Police Chief P. H. Dillon of their demands.

"Say, where's our pay?" queried one. "Don't we get a feed or nothin'?"

THE END

SAMUEL MERWIN

Romance in Movieland

Rivalry for the love of a beautiful heroine of the films —a fist fight in one of Hollywood's largest studios—these and other thrilling episodes feature Samuel Merwin's latest and best short story, *Babes in Hollywood,* in next week's Liberty.

Mr. Merwin spent many months in Hollywood during the screening of several of his most successful novels and knows the atmosphere thoroughly.

The IMPOSTOR

From the French of
FREDERIC BOUTET

Translated by William L. McPherson

A handsome young man . . . bowed deferentially. He, too, was a poet.

She Came to Paris to Interview the Poet She Admired. He Asked His Young Friend to Impersonate Him —and Surprises Followed!

Pictures by OSCAR HOWARD

SHORT, stout, carelessly dressed, with a thick reddish stubble on his face, Armand Cymbus was walking along the Boulevard Saint Michel, his overcoat thrown open, his hat tilted back, and a pipe between his teeth. He was on his way, as usual, from his home to the wineshop where he took his midday meals.

As he passed, students of the quarter recognized and saluted him. "It is Cymbus, the poet," they whispered to their less informed comrades.

Cymbus, always a good fellow, smiled. Simple and without vanity, despite his fame, he loved this youthful admiration as he loved the University Quarter, where he lived modestly in a small room jammed with books. He had a moderate income which had always assured him independence, and he was honestly indifferent to official honors and worldly successes.

He sat at his table in the wineroom and ordered his repast—a vermouth, followed by mussels and sauerkraut.

While he waited he began to read some letters which had come that morning. One of them made him shrug his shoulders. The stationery was elegant. The handwriting, which was feminine, was also elegant.

"It was sure to happen," Cymbus thought. "That's what comes from answering unknown correspondents. Now I'll have to get shaved or else look a fright. . . ."

Cymbus finished his mail, and dispatched his meal with a keen appetite.

He was relighting his pipe when he heard a voice near him say:

"Good-day, master."

A HANDSOME young man, dark and smooth shaven, dressed immaculately and with polished manners, bowed deferentially. He, too, was a poet. He has just published (at his own expense, since he was rich) three thin volumes of verses under the signature "Adalbert Limaize." He professed a lively and undoubtedly a sincere admiration for Cymbus. The latter, unfailingly good natured, treated him with affability, although considering the young man's talents very slight.

"Good-day, my dear Limaize," Cymbus said cordially, extending his hand.

"I hope I don't disturb you, master. I am so delighted . . . Your interest . . ."

The young man sat down. They talked for a few minutes. Limaize expressed his admiration for the collection of poems which the great man had just published.

Suddenly Cymbus, who was not very sensitive to flattery, interrupted:

"My dear fellow, you must do me a service."

"A service, master?"

"Read this."

Cymbus threw on the table the letter which he had just received. Limaize opened it and read as follows:

Dear and Illustrious Master:

It is your humble unknown admirer who takes the liberty of writing to you again. This time, master, it is a request, a very bold request, which I have to make of you. I have been in Paris since yesterday. I should like to meet you. I must go home in a few days, and I cannot reconcile myself to returning without having seen, at least for five minutes, the greatest of modern poets, the greatest of the poets of love, of its dreams, of its ecstasies, of

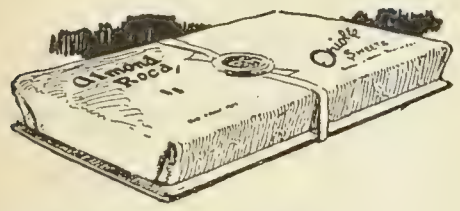
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to care for

Dull Hair

You cannot expect hair which is naturally devoid of lustre to look brilliant or exceptionally bright after an ordinary shampoo. You must use a shampoo that is *different*—a shampoo that *will add real beauty* to your hair—GOLDEN GLINT Shampoo. This shampoo will make your hair look so much prettier, so much more attractive, that you will just love to fuss with it. In addition to the clean freshness any good shampoo gives, it offers something unusual, something new, something more than a promise. This "something" is a secret you'll discover with your first Golden Glint Shampoo. 25c a package at toilet counters or direct. *** J. W. Kobi Co., 660 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO



Almond Roca

—a description?

—quite impossible!

May as well sum up the Pacific in placid as Almond Roca in confection. The first you see—and feel! The second you taste—and enjoy! Description?—why spoil it? For a dollar and a half, a package of Almond Roca you may obtain—and your money back, if you conscientiously fail to pronounce it the most wonderful sweetmeat you ever tasted. You may not readily locate it (our distribution is not complete), in which case address us direct, including your dealer's name. Future requirements we shall endeavor to fill through him, and extend our appreciation for your initial kind indulgence. * * * BROWN & HALEY, *Confectioners to the Elect*, Tacoma, Washington.

Almond Roca

—a most extraordinary sweetmeat

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

its sufferings, of its longings. This letter is foolish, but I admire you so much. I understand so well—pardon my presumption in saying so—the sublimity of your soul, which knows how to express itself in poetry so sublime. . .

The letter was signed "Marie Anne Andral," and the address of a *pension* was given. Limaize looked at Cymbus in astonishment.

"MY dear fellow," said Cymbus, "this lady wrote me for the first time about three years ago, I think. It was a letter full of admiration, such as we receive, not overextravagant and evidently sincere. Thereafter she continued to write to me. After five or six letters I was moved to sympathy and sent her a few vague lines. Her next letter was wild with joy. I answered her once or twice, very briefly. As you know, she is now in Paris and she wishes to see me. I don't want to see her. I haven't the time. And besides it would bore me. And then" (he shrugged his shoulders and laughed boisterously) "between my work and my personality—what a vast difference!"

"It is true," thought Limaize. "Between this corpulent Silenus and his graceful, melancholy, and amorous poetry there is the cruelest of antitheses."

But he said aloud:

"Master, your genius . . ."

"And then," Cymbus continued, "I ought to tell you that I suspect my admirer to be an elderly maiden lady, without charms, who simply wants to discuss her own state of soul. One must not be churlish, however, with regard to such laudation, from whomsoever it comes. So, my dear fellow, you must replace me. Don't be alarmed. This Marie Anne Andral, who has always lived in the country, doesn't know me. I never have my photograph published.

"As to my age, she can be guided only by the dates of my collection of verses. I did not begin to publish until very late, when I was past thirty. Say that you—or rather that I—began to publish at eighteen, and tell her that you are ten years older than you are. That will make things right. Go and see her; be Cymbus for a quarter of an hour. She will return home enchanted, and will tell everybody that her favorite poet is a man of the world, elegant, polished, and handsome—which you are, my dear Limaize, and which I shall never be . . ."

He laughed again and ordered beer. Limaize hesitated, and, being unwilling to cross Cymbus, consented.

The next day, having announced his visit in a letter to which he signed Cymbus' name, Limaize appeared at the *pension* where the mysterious Marie Anne Andral was stopping. He was ushered into a little salon. Two minutes later a woman joined him. He was amazed, almost stupefied.

Ah! Ah! And Cymbus had pictured her as a romantic old maid! She was the most exquisite of women—young, blonde, slender, supple, dressed in perfect taste. She came in breathless, blushing, embarrassed.

"There is one . . . the poet Adalbert Limaize. Will you allow me, madame, to recite some of his poems?"

"Master, what a pleasure! How good of you to come! I admire you so much."

THEY sat down, face to face. She continued to express her joy and pride that he had put himself out for her. Limaize had no need to mention his age. She talked, simply and naturally, as if she had always known him. She was a widow. She lived in the country, but she hoped presently to come to Paris, having received an inheritance. She spoke of her dull life at home and of her loneliness.

"Why, she is exquisite," thought Limaize. "She is as naïve and sincere as a child, and so very pretty."

She was talking to him at this moment of his work—of Cymbus' work. She spoke of it with unbounded appreciation. And little by little, in proportion as he found her more and more fascinating, a strange feeling of bitterness invaded the soul of Adalbert Limaize.

Suddenly he interrupted her.

"YOU overwhelm me," he said without enthusiasm. "But let me tell you that I sometimes feel doubts about myself. I have attained fame, that is true. But at present I am conscious of no new inspiration. There are young creators whose works in a newer style are very beautiful and really great. There is one—the poet Adalbert Limaize. Will you allow me, madame, to recite some of his poems?"

"Master, you are so good—you who are so young yourself—to speak so of those younger than you," said Madame Andral. "I would rather have you tell me about your own work. But to hear verses recited by Armand Cymbus—even other people's verses—is an unexpected delight. I will listen."

"Yes," Limaize thought, "she is going to listen and admire. Afterward I will confess the deception. She is divine. I love her."

He recited his own verses with all his soul, with all his fire, with all the admiration which he had for himself.

When he had finished Marie Anne Andral was silent for a moment.

"Master," she said finally, with evident timidity, "you will forgive an ignorant person. I find those verses obscure and without feeling, full of pretentiousness and banality. I don't even understand—you will pardon me again—what a poet as sublime as you are can find to admire in them."

A still stronger sentiment invaded Adalbert Limaize's soul and lacerated it. Trembling with wrath and indignation, but making a great effort to remain calm and courteous, he got up and took his leave.

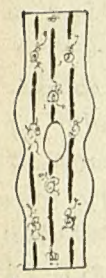
"How about our admirer?" Armand Cymbus asked him when they met some days later in the wineshop.

"What a job that was, my dear master!" Limaize responded. "She is old, she is homely, and she is ignorant of literature!"

THE END

PATTERNS THAT CAN BE RELIED UPON

By PATRICIA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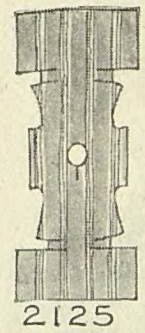
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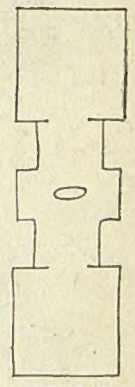
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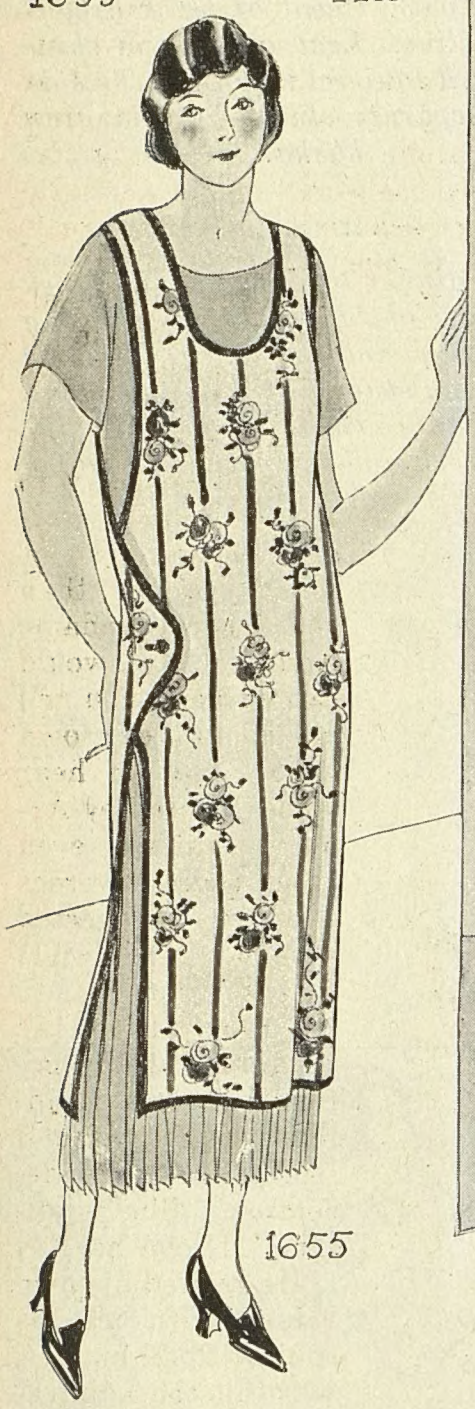
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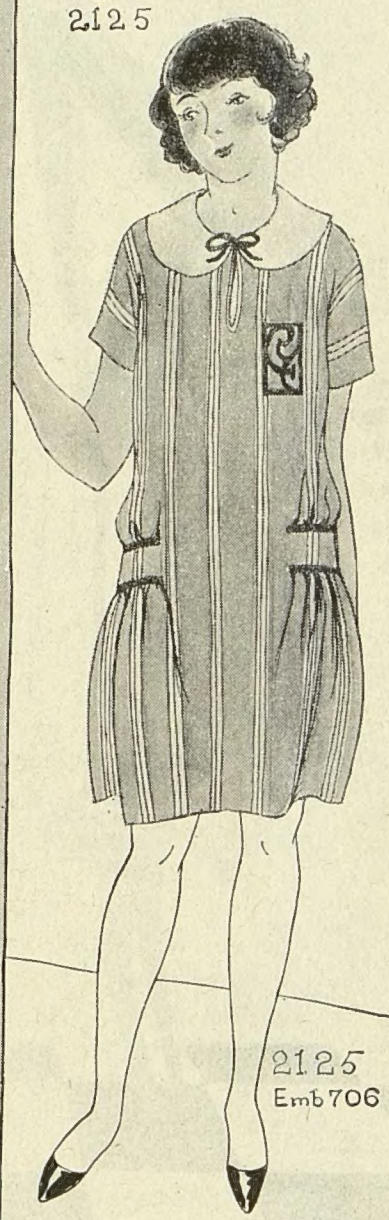
2125
Emb 706

1882
Emb. 720

2146

1882

DO YOU realize the importance of the perfect cutting pattern? Here you have the opportunity to obtain patterns for the latest styles at a most reasonable figure.

What housewife ever has enough aprons? Here's a pattern you can use over and over again. It cuts all in one piece, as shown in the accompanying diagram. After cutting out you've only to sew wash braid or binding around the edges, place a button each side of the front where the apron laps over and a buttonhole to correspond, and your apron is finished. Cretonne, percale, gingham, and muslin are suitable materials. Pattern No. 1655 can be had in one size and requires for that size 2¾ yards of material 27 inches wide.

The "boy frock" of wool plaid, rep, or kasha is one of the most popular designs this season. Design No. 2210 is very easily made; even the woman who knows very little about sewing will be able to fashion herself a dress from this pattern in a very short time. The pattern cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size 3½ yards of 40-inch material, with ⅞ yard 32-inch contrasting, are required.

Roman striped silk was employed to trim this smart dress of faille, the pattern for which is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Design No. 2146 would also be attractive made in crêpe-back satin, flat crêpe, or kasha cloth, trimmed with a plaid woolen material. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material, with 1⅞ yards of 18-inch contrasting.

Design No. 2125 is cut for girls 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years old. Look at the diagram if you doubt for one moment its extreme simplicity! A striped or plaid woolen material, silk crêpe, or wash fabrics such as cotton broadcloth and gingham are suitable. Velvet would be attractive for a "best." Size 8 requires 1¾ yards of 32-inch material, with ¼ yard 18-inch contrasting.

The monogram is included in our hot-iron transfer pattern No. 706, which comes in blue and yellow and costs fifteen cents extra.

A charming new frock of satin, faille, or silk crêpe in a few hours—doesn't that sound attractive? By using pattern No. 1882 this is possible. The diagram shows how the dress looks after cutting. You've only the side seams to run up, plaits to lay at the sides, hem the skirt, and your dress is finished, save for the embroidery, which can be worked very easily and quickly. This pattern is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material. The hot-iron transfer pattern No. 720, which comes in blue and yellow, costs fifteen cents extra.

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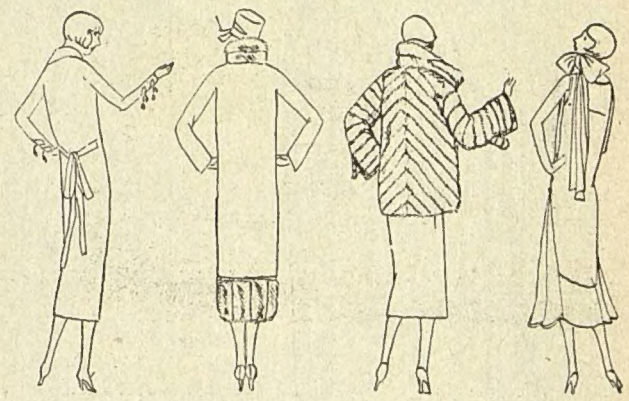
NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

MATERIALS ARE THE REAL CHANGE

by Corinne Lowe

A HINT of the Directoire waistline is given in the model of green faille with its ornaments of black braid punctuated by tiny tassels. Next, an ensemble costume allies gray crêpe frock, trimmed in squirrel, with a coat of black broadcloth zibeline. Last, a jacket of chinchilla-dyed squirrel tops Chanel's side plaited separate skirt—here in gray kasha.

FOR dinner or dance is the frock below of beige chiffon shading into brown and trimmed uniquely with a tiny stuffed bird on the shoulder. Orange chiffon composes the under frock and is further exploited in side draperies.



A FRIEND OF MINE who returned from Paris last month was showing me recently one of her new frocks. It was what the French call a *petite robe*—and it was made by Chanel, that most fashionable of fashionable Paris dressmakers. In the new tint of Burgundy red, the fabric chosen was a wool jersey. This was trimmed sparingly with matching grosgrain.

There was nothing electrifying about the line of this frock. Here were the familiar long corsage, the familiar long fitted sleeves, and the usual slim, tiered skirt which could not wring a gasp of surprise from the most talented actress among us. In spite of all this, the frock was brand new in its significance. And why?

Well, in the first place, there was the material. Most of us are accustomed to thinking of wool jersey as being an everyday fabric, and so it usually is. But the jersey of this particular frock, as well as of many other autumn creations, is all dressed up like Main Street in Old Home Week. It's so soft and light—so beautifully woven—that we really don't recognize it as a former acquaintance.

All this is characteristic of the new mode. That there is a radical difference in the effect of gowns and wraps is due not nearly so much to the dressmaker as to the fabric maker. For this latter personage has been acting like a real Burbank and has diversified as well as beautified a score of familiar fabrics.

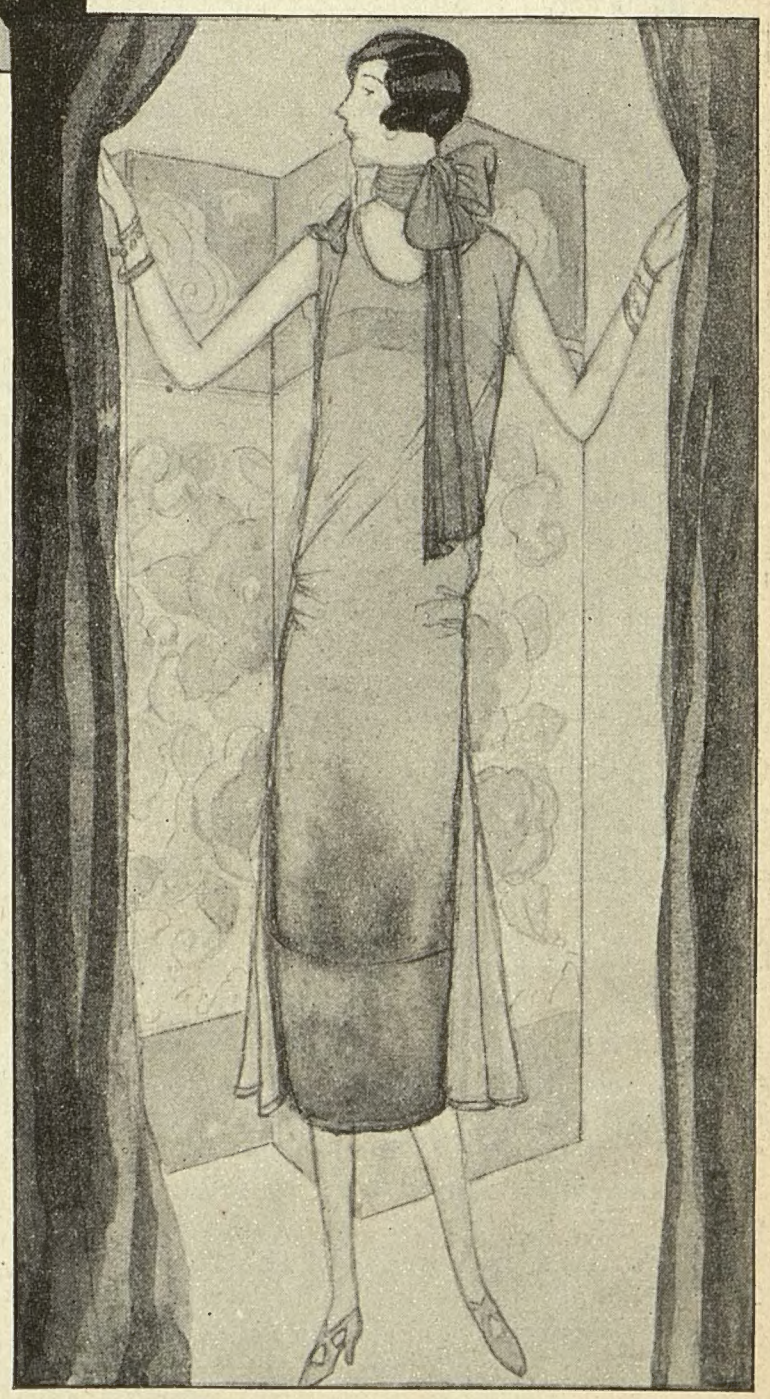
But, aside from these material changes, there are the various new colors and color combinations. The Burgundy red, for example, which was sponsored by Chanel in the frock I have described, is a tint widely used by this French creator. Another tint frequently encountered in frocks, coats, and suits is *bois de rose*. All the red tones are stressed repeatedly, and so are the violet hues.

Then, too, we have been playing on the green. The seaweed tint used by Chanel for an evening gown, and the bottle-green faille daytime frock from Drecoll—here are just two examples to prove our adoption of this hue. All the beige and brown tones are with us, and it is notable that we have revived our old-time passion for taupe. As to black and white, yes, indeed! Also plain black.

I AM showing at the left of the top panel one of the numerous *petites robes* of the season. Here in this little frock of green faille you find the sleeve most frequently encountered in this domain. That is to say, it is long and beautifully fitted. Most of such utility frocks preserve the long waistline, but here we have in the belted back more than a hint of the Directoire note so frequently hinted.

Although this sketch does not illustrate it, the high collar is widely employed this season on *la petite robe*. Sometimes height is effected through a version of the scarf collar, but very often, too, we encounter a choker that may even button close up to the chin.

One of the smartest things to do about this general-wear type of dress is to do not much of anything—to make the classic straight line frock and revitalize it only by trimming touches or novelty of material.



Eat more Toast

—The Staff of Life in the Most Delicious and Nutritious Form

TOAST is recommended by physicians. It promotes mastication, which aids digestion of bread, the staff of life. Toast is not only good for you, but it's mighty "good to eat." Brown, crispy, piping hot toast is delicious at any meal. Winter mornings it's simply perfect. Eat more toast.

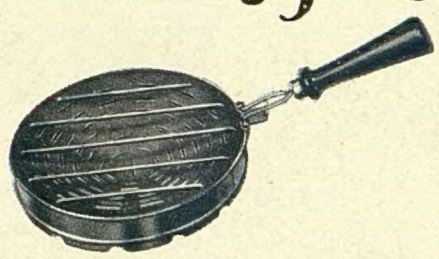
On the handy Sterno Toaster, Sterno Canned Heat makes wonderful toast, right at the table, ***just when you want it.*** Gives you hot, freshly cooked toast as fast as you want it, with no trouble and not a step to take. A Sterno Toaster is awaiting you, free, as a Sterno user.

Sterno Canned Heat has hundreds of uses besides making toast. Lights at once, instantly extinguishable. Gives instant, intense heat for all kinds of cooking, indoors or outdoors, all year 'round, for heating curling or flatirons, soup, water for shaving, baby's milk, making candy, tea, in bedroom, for sick room emergencies, etc. Everyone needs and can use Sterno. No matter what your walk in life you can enjoy its comforts.

STERNO CANNED HEAT

FOR INSTANT COOKING

Given Free



this toaster *with this* 25¢ stove

or with

6 cans of STERNO Canned Heat

How to Get the Toaster Free

If you are a user of Sterno Canned Heat, go to your dealer and buy six cans of Sterno. *Send the six labels to us* and a Sterno Toaster will be sent you at once. You can use it on any Sterno stove.

If you have never used Sterno, for only 25c buy the folding Sterno Stove with can of Sterno and extinguisher. Cut out and *send us the name and phrase "Sterno folding stove for light housekeeping" from the box* and receive the Sterno Toaster.

Go to Your Dealer

If your dealer cannot supply you, either offer will be filled direct at the following prices: Stove in U.S. 25c, in Canada 35c. Heat—East of Rockies 10c, West of Rockies 15c a can or 2 for 25c, Canada 15c a can. Use coupon.

Write a Letter or If More Convenient Use this Coupon

STERNO CORPORATION, Dept. 187
9 East 37th Street, New York

Enclosed find six Sterno Canned Heat labels or name and phrase "Sterno folding stove for light housekeeping" from Sterno Stove Box for which I am to receive a Sterno Toaster. No charge.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

This offer expires Nov. 30, 1924.

Hasty eating, too, helps to weaken gums. For hasty eating, like soft food, cheats the gums of stimulation.

Does your dinner gong ring up trouble for your gums?

THE CHANCES are that it does. For today the summons to a meal is in most cases a summons to eat soft food.

True—delicious food. But soft! For it's the smoothest pudding, the flakiest pastry, the creamiest sauce—in short, the most velvety concoction—that we esteem most highly.

All this is pleasing to our palates, but what about our teeth and gums? It robs them of work and stimulation. It deprives our gums of the healthy massage that keeps them firm and sound.

How IPANA keeps the gums in health

That is why people who eat soft food should see that their gums receive regular stimulation. One way to accomplish this is through the use of Ipana Tooth Paste. For Ipana is a tooth paste that stimulates the gums as well as cleans the teeth.

Under years of soft food and understimulation, it is not surprising that gums should become soft, logy and congested. "Pink toothbrush" is the visible evidence that your gums are weakening. If your toothbrush "shows pink," you should begin to care for your gums at once.

Dentists now recognize that it is just as important to keep our gums hard and firm as it is to keep our teeth clean and white. That is why thousands of practitioners have adopted Ipana in their practice and prescribe it to their patients. Many have written us that a daily massage of the gums with Ipana, *after* the regular brushing, has proved a splendid aid in the treatment of stubborn cases of bleeding gums.

For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic known and trusted by dentists the country over. The presence of ziratol gives Ipana the power to aid in the healing of soft, undernourished gum tissue.

Try a tube of IPANA today

If your gums are tender, if they have a tendency to be soft or to bleed, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you finish using it you cannot fail to note the improvement. You will be delighted with its grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. AB 111
42 Rector Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____